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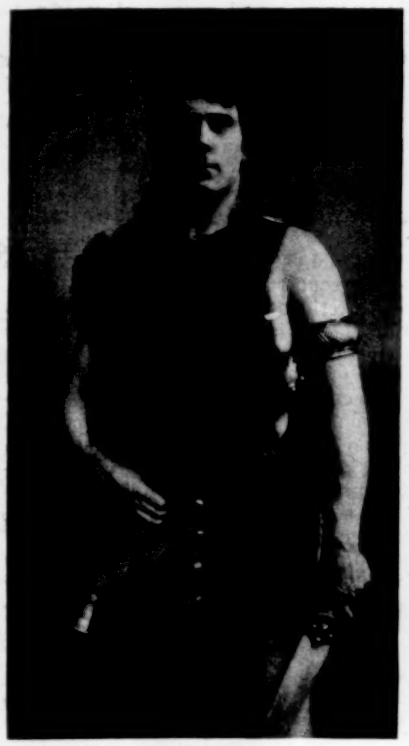
JOHANNA GADSKI AS SIEGLINDE.

WALTER DAMROSCH.

ROSA H. SUCHER AS ISOLDE.



MAX ALVARY AS SIEGFRIED.

MARIE BREMA AS ORTRUDE.

NICOLAUS ROTHMÜHL AS LOHENGRIN.

GERMAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN STATE AND CITY.

SINCE the adoption of the amendments to the State Constitution the introduction of civil service reform methods in the public service, State and municipal, has become, as to the Governor and the Mayors of cities, a matter not of discretion but of constitutional obligation. The Constitution prescribes that "appointments and promotions in the civil service of the State, and of all the civil divisions thereof, including cities and villages, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained, so far as practicable, by examinations, which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive." Nor is it left with those who are intrusted with the appointing power to decide the question of "practicability" according to their individual notions. That question has been practically decided, beyond any doubt, in various places and under all sorts of conditions. At the inquiry by a Senate Committee into the execution of the civil service law by Governor FLOWER, which took place last summer, it was conclusively shown by the chief examiners of the civil service commissions of the State of Massachusetts and of the city of Brooklyn respectively that the competitive system had actually and with unquestionable success been applied to wellnigh all the subordinate positions in the State service of Massachusetts and in the municipal service of Brooklyn. The matter being thus settled by the evidence of actual fact, which nobody will dispute, except, perhaps, politicians who are bent upon using the offices as spoils, the Governor and the Mayors of cities in this State are bound by their constitutional duty to see to it that all the places to which the constitutional provision applies be speedily put under the competitive system without further superfluous wrangling about practicability.

That Mayor STRONG will perform this duty, not grudgingly or in a merely perfunctory manner, but with alacrity, as a thing in entire accord with his principles and wishes, is confidently expected by every one that knows him. There is no such confidence as to Governor MORTON. He is not a stranger to machine politics. The use of the offices as spoils has nothing repugnant to him. Civil service reform is a thing he has never thought about. As to its aims and methods, he has everything to learn, and at his advanced age this is difficult. The readiness with which he appointed one of PLATT'S country editors as a member of the State Civil Service Commission showed that he had no clear conception of the importance of that office. He simply treated it as an ordinary piece of patronage to be handed over to a political supporter. This misstep may be ascribed to Governor MORTON'S lack of knowledge of the matter, and to the easy good-nature, or sense of obligation, that wishes to please a party friend. But since then he has been made acquainted with the constitutional provision, with the State civil service law, and with the investigation of last summer. The nomination of Mr. BURT, a stanch and experienced civil service reformer, seems to indicate that the Governor has seen new light. But the renomination of Mr. MCKINSTRY, who has already so strikingly demonstrated his unfitness as a member of the Civil Service Commission, points in the opposite direction. The majority of the Commission will thus be in untrustworthy hands.

Governor MORTON, who no doubt wishes to leave the reputation of a conscientious public servant and of a gentleman in office behind him, will take no offense if, in a spirit of the sincerest goodwill, we advise him never to forget that the Civil Service Commission is to be virtually his conscience as to the performance of this branch of his duties, and that it will not be safe for him to have a man in that commission who cannot be absolutely trusted, not only as to his knowledge of the work to be performed, but also as to his fidelity to the ends to be attained. We would, in addition, invite the Governor's attention to a matter which needs his immediate care. He may not be aware of the painful impression the appointment of Mr. ALDRIDGE as Superintendent of Public Works made upon all who respected Mr. MORTON and wished him well. That appointment had long been predicted as one demanded by Boss PLATT, and it was looked upon as a test of the question whether Governor MORTON would wear Boss PLATT'S collar or not. When the appointment was actually made a cold shiver ran down the backs of self-respecting Republicans. They predicted that some day Governor MORTON would remember this act of submission with bitter regret. Mr. ALDRIDGE is known as a machine politician and a spoilsman of the PLATT stripe. There is not the slightest doubt that Boss PLATT will demand every particle of the large patronage of that department to be used in his interest, that Mr. ALDRIDGE will obey that command to the best of his power, and that, unless Mr. ALDRIDGE be restrained, the places will be filled in a manner making mismanagement, corruption, and scandal almost certain. For the protection of the character of his administration and of his own good name, Governor MORTON should not lose a moment in subjecting every officer under the Superintendent of Public Works to the competitive civil service rule, to save that branch of the service from the contamination of spoils politics.

A matter very seriously to be considered by the Mayor and the reformers of New York city when they recommend a substitute for the PLATT-LEXOW police bills, as well as by the Governor when legislation touching the police comes before him for his signature, is that insidious provision proposed by Mr. LEXOW, that the civil service board which is to examine applicants for admission to the police force shall consist of four police captains and one inspector, to be selected by the bipartisan police commission. Mr. LEXOW says in his report that "it requires no argument to show that a board thus constituted is able to better judge of the qualifications of a candidate for police duty than can civilians who do not possess the necessary expert knowledge to aid them in their examinations." If Mr. LEXOW is not entirely ignorant of the subject, he must know that the practical nullification of the civil service law with regard to the New York police has mainly been owing to the participation of members of the department in the administration of that law, and that if admission to the police force is to be kept clear of favoritism, intrigue, and corruption, the board which examines candidates and certifies for appointment must be kept as independent of the heads and the officers of the department and as far removed from them as possible. Moreover, a board of intelligent, trained, and disinterested "civilians" will be able to judge of the necessary qualifications of a policeman quite as well as of those of a railway mail clerk or of an Indian teacher. In the interest of reform it is of the first importance that the board examining candidates for admission to the force should in no manner be controlled by the police department.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. CLEVELAND has once more expressed the sentiment and opinion of conservative and thoughtful men. He has urged Congress to take the obvious step for the relief both of the government and the commercial interests of the country from the existing financial peril. The central point of his message, the danger to be dreaded from the greenbacks and the Treasury notes, is a fact so generally recognized that it needs no argument for its support and enforcement. The problem of the time is not that of revenue. The amount of the public income is not material; but the government's possession of power to protect its gold is of supreme importance. The President urges Congress to take the only step which will make it possible for the Treasury to retain all the gold it needs, and which will also relieve it of the necessity of maintaining a gold reserve subject to continuous draughts from paper that, under existing laws, can never be redeemed.

To refuse this request of the President will be to refuse the country any present relief whatever. Whether it is absolutely necessary to increase the national-bank circulation is another question. It is not at all likely that many of the greenbacks and Treasury notes will be presented for payment when the power and means to redeem them are granted to the Secretary of the Treasury. But as it is always well in financial legislation to guard against possible, even if remote, contingencies, the provision is wise which proposes to permit the national banks to issue circulation equal to the par value of all bonds, except two-per-cent. bonds now selling below par. It is also wise to provide that the new bonds shall be made payable in gold. It is true that the government is pledged to pay all coin obligations in gold, but that its ability to continue to fulfil this obligation is doubted is shown by the withdrawals of gold in excess of the sums wanted for exportation. Therefore we are forced to promise gold explicitly in order to obtain the credit which the enormous wealth, resources, the tireless energy, and the substantial honesty of the country ought to command without such a promise.

The responsibility of the situation now rests upon Congress, and once more, as in 1893, the struggle promises to be with the enemies of the public welfare in the Senate. This is the time for the "practical politician" and the silver fanatic to retire. The state of the currency problem ought to convince the former's most ardent admirers of his utter incompetency when he is brought face to face with a serious economic or financial situation. At a time when non-action and threatened folly have prolonged the distress of the business world, he has continued to intrigue, manœuvre, and plot in order that he might twist the strenuous conditions of the country to his own or his party's advantage. His attitude explains why neither party, nor any group or faction in the House of Representatives or the Senate, has made a supreme effort to secure a frank and free discussion and definite action on the currency question. Before the President sent his message to Congress Mr. SPRINGER was unwilling to permit any amendment to the measure which he had advocated, and therefore the House refused to set a time for voting on it. The Republicans declined to take any responsibility, while the fiat-money men still insist that the proposition that the government shall retire its demand paper must not be considered, while the silver men refuse to aid in devising any scheme that does not make abundant "concession" to their metal and their mine-owners—that does not involve, in a word, a step backward from the point gained by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. In view of this, the disposition of the sound-money Democrats to secure support of the Republicans for a relief bill by making all the concessions they demand cannot be too highly commended.

The outlook is still discouraging, but there is yet no threat of real danger to the government itself. The neglect of Congress to settle the currency problem, to remove the cause which operates to deprive the Treasury of its gold and compels the borrowing of money on coin bonds at extravagant rates of interest, will not drive the government into bankruptcy, and need not send gold to a premium. Although the revenues of the government continue to be less than its expenditures, no one whose opinion is based on knowledge of the laws that govern the public finances believes that this state of things will continue. The expenditures have been decreased by the present Congress. Unless the Republican leaders have learned nothing from the elections of 1890 and 1892, they will continue to decrease, while the revenues, already beginning to grow larger, will probably soon be ample. There is no nation in the world that ought to be able to borrow on better terms than the United States, and no nation in whose ability to pay all its obligations there is more general confidence. Congress alone can destroy this confidence. But even if Congress continue to do nothing, the government will soon be collecting a sufficient revenue for its current expenses, and the administration will be able to maintain the parity of the metals by borrowing money at high rates of interest, unless the mad silver men instil into the minds of the people who have money to lend—both capitalists and the people who have savings—the dread that the country will go to a silver basis. Fortunately, President CLEVELAND has the courage to avail himself of every power that the law grants him to preserve the public credit.

The sufferers from the inaction of Congress will be the private citizens of the country, the men who are carrying on its business, raising its crops, and conducting its manufactures. They have been and may continue to be the victims of the incapacity of the "practical politician" to rise above his selfish partisanship and to address himself to the task before him in the spirit and with the purpose of a statesman, and of the follies of fiat-money and silver advocates. It is the citizen who must pay the interest on the money which the administration borrows. But more serious still is the burden which he must bear on account of doubts as to the future, and of the capacity of our currency system to respond to the demands of business. Inaction or foolish action will bring disaster and ruin upon thousands of wage-earners, farmers, manufacturers, and merchants, which might have been averted by the adoption of the President's recommendations and the removal of the obstructions which now prevent the healthful flow of trade in its natural channels.

If Congress pass the administration's bill, or anything like it, it will relieve the situation at once, but relief is possible in only one way—by the re-

demption and destruction of the greenbacks and the Treasury notes. The main cause of our trouble is not to be found in a deficient revenue, but in a currency system which is not only inelastic, but which makes the Treasury, the general purveyor of gold, the losing partner in speculations in foreign exchange, and a constant and apparently distressed borrower. This system stimulates the mad fancies and the hopes of every schemer for fiat money, and therefore breeds suspicion. This suspicion is growing to such an extent that gold is now taken from the Treasury for hoarding; and while, as we have said, there is no necessity for sending gold to a premium, the tendency to do so is strong and growing, and can only be met and overcome by wisdom and firmness on the part of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury.

It will be wise statesmanship for the "practical politician" who represents a sound-money constituency, whether he be Republican or Democrat, to take his stand with the President. Whether or not he knows it, sensible business men know that Mr. CLEVELAND'S recommendations are wise, and the "practical politician" who is caught in an effort to defeat a measure for immediate relief in order to enable his party to grant it after the 4th of March will face a deserved obscurity. As to the silver Senators who are once more coming to the front as the enemies of the country's prosperity, their wickedness is only equalled by their folly.

THE LAW AGAINST RIOTING.

THE actual war which the Brooklyn strikers waged against the State is over. Before the New York city militia were withdrawn the rioters were under the control of the authorities. Many of them had been arrested. All of them had been subjugated. The community had demonstrated its power to deal effectively with the mob. The peace of the city was preserved. The arm of force had been strong enough to suppress disorder. But the restoration of peace ought not to end this matter. There is a duty fronting the officers of the law still more important than that which they have already performed. The dignity, the majesty, the authority of law is yet to be vindicated.

The controversy between the motormen and the companies is still outside of the province of third parties. Its merits have not been unfolded. If the men have a case against their employers, they have not yet proved it. There are no data on which persons not parties to the contest can base a rational judgment. There are various contests going on in the courts resting on misconceptions of the law, and of the power of the State over corporations, but the issue between the men and the railroad companies has not been framed before any tribunal having jurisdiction to hear and determine the controversy.

The community has another and a more serious interest in the matter. Its peace may have been restored, but its law has been violated, and those who are guilty of the violation are known. Are the guilty persons to be punished? Does the District Attorney of Kings County intend to take any step for the vindication of the law which he has sworn to defend? This is the question that is most important to the citizens of Brooklyn.

It has not been the custom to prosecute rioters for the offence of rioting, but that is no answer to the question. Rioting is an assault upon the essential condition upon which modern society rests. If order cannot be maintained, why have any government at all? It may be answered that these assaults upon authority are occasional and sporadic, but the reply to such an answer is to be found in the history of the country since the great strike in this city in May, 1886, and especially in the events of the last six months. One momentous fact at least has been taught within this time, and that is that strikes have grown in number and in gravity, and that the resort to violence is easier now than it was nine years ago. This is largely due to the unconcealed sympathy of local politicians with strikers, leading directly to the timid attitude of mayors and policemen towards rioters, but more especially is it due to the immunity from prosecution which the rioters enjoy. They are permitted to lay violent hands upon the very being of the civilized state, and not only do they go unscathed for their offence, but the community is grateful to them when they finally consent to permit the law to protect the orderly citizen in his daily walk and occupation. DEBBS and his associates have been punished, but not in a manner that increases respect for the law or for the authorities who administer it. It is not a vindication of the law against rioting to punish the guilty persons for contempt in disobeying an order of a court.

Rioting should be punished as any other offence against the law is punished. It is true that the punishment for misdemeanors seems inadequate, but it must be borne in mind that all rioters do not belong to the criminal classes. Their violence invites the alliance and co-operation of the dangerous elements of the community, but the workingmen themselves who break the law are strangers to the inside of a prison, and for such men a sentence of six months, or even of thirty days, is a punishment more keenly felt than any that can be inflicted on a hardened professional criminal. At all events, it is the law that rioting is a misdemeanor, and the District Attorney who does not enforce this law is a more dangerous enemy of the commonwealth, of public order, of the peace and stability of the community, than the man who hurls stones through car windows or paralyzes a trolley system by cutting a wire. It is high time that district attorneys and grand juries should cease from encouraging violent strikes by failure to prosecute rioters. A few Brooklyn rioters sent to jail would prove a wholesome deterrent to violence when the next strike is entered into. It might even deter or prevent the strike. At all events, District-Attorney RIDGWAY owes a duty to the county which has intrusted him with the task of administering its criminal law, so momentous, so important to the well-being of society, so full of significance for the future, that while failure to comprehend and perform it may not sink him below the poor level of partisan district-attorneyship, quickness to apprehend and zeal to perform it will make him a shining light among officers of the law, and may set an example that will eventually put an end to the disgraceful outbreaks in the streets of our cities that make our civilization a mockery. The enforcement of the law against rioting will do more to preserve the peace of the future than the arms of all the militia in the country.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL REFORM IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

WHILE public attention is being largely directed to the reorganization of the department of police in New York, there are numbers of intelligent citizens who are pressing upon the Legislature measures for the reorganization of the public-school systems of New York and Brooklyn. This movement is of interest to the country at large, for if under such complex and perplexing conditions as prevail in these two great cities a satisfactory system of school administration can be devised, their experience may produce good results in other large cities in which administrative conditions are unsatisfactory.

Despite the enormous sums spent upon them, and despite the fact that a large proportion of the teachers are intelligent and earnest, the public schools of New York and Brooklyn are notoriously deficient. Their accommodations are inadequate and badly distributed, the sanitary conditions, except in a few of the newest buildings, are bad, no proper provision is made for play-grounds and for physical exercise, and modern improvements in text-books and methods of teaching are, as a rule, stoutly resisted. It is not often that defects such as these can be directly traced to administrative faults, but both in New York and Brooklyn this can be done. The superintendents have too little direct authority and power over the educational work, and a vicious system of ward trustees in New York and of local committees in Brooklyn provides a resting-place for jobs of all sorts, political and personal, and effectually blocks all large plans for improvement initiated by the central body.

After prolonged study a committee of experts, selected by the Committee of Seventy in New York and an advisory commission appointed by Mayor SCHIEREN in Brooklyn, have drawn bills that are now before the Legislature, providing for an escape from the present evils, and the substitution of a simple, direct, and responsible school administration for the roundabout and cumbrous scheme that accident and political chicanery have united to bring into existence. Both bills are in harmony on questions of principle, and may be supported on common grounds, while they differ in detail to accord with the local conditions and needs in each case. Both bills provide for a complete separation of the business from the educational administration of the schools. The latter is to devolve upon trained and responsible superintendents of schools, who will then be free to impress their individuality upon the work of the teachers in the way that has made the schools of Indianapolis, Omaha, Denver, and Cleveland both efficient and famous.

For the business administration the New York bill makes provision for a Superintendent of Buildings, who is to be subordinate to the Board of Education. The Brooklyn bill, following the well-known Cleveland plan, gives this officer larger powers and makes him a Commissioner of Education, co-ordinate with the Board of Education. In Brooklyn he is to be appointed by the Mayor, and is a city official. In New York he is to be elected by the Board of Education.

Every intelligent legislator ought to see at once that these bills make possible great reforms in the schools. The local trustees disappear, with all their ill-smelling baggage of jobbery and obscurantism. The schools are to be set free from the petty politicians and placed in a position where they can develop rapidly. Brooklyn is fortunate in having at the head of her school system three superintendents who are eminently fit for the place. One of the first duties of the new New York Board of Education will be to find men of similar capacity and character.

Opposition to these reforms is not likely to be serious, at least while public opinion remains as much aroused on the subject of municipal reform as it is at present. It is true that Assemblyman BELL, of New York, has introduced an antagonistic bill, but its crudities are so apparent that it need not be seriously considered. It not only proposes to retain the local trustees, but calls for a paid Board of Education—an absolute innovation in America—to consist of five members, who are to receive an annual salary of $8000 for a term of ten years. No better or swifter method of putting the school system into politics could possibly be devised.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANÆSTHESIA.

THERE was recently erected in Hartford, Connecticut, a bronze tablet bearing the following words, inscribed beneath a portrait profile in half-relief:

"To the memory of HORACE WELLS, dentist, who upon this spot, December 11, 1844, submitted to a surgical operation, discovered, demonstrated, and proclaimed the blessings of anæsthesia."

The erection of this tablet, marking the semicentennial of Dr. WELLS's alleged discovery, recalls a historic controversy that was waged very bitterly forty years ago. The question was which one of four men was entitled to the credit of having given to the world one of the first important scientific discoveries to come from America—that of anæsthesia. The four men who claimed the honor were Dr. C. W. LONG, of Jefferson, Georgia, Dr. HORACE WELLS, of Hartford, Connecticut, Dr. CHARLES T. JACKSON, of Boston, and Dr. W. T. G. MORTON, also of Boston.

Notwithstanding the unequivocal assertion of the Hartford tablet, it cannot be said that a consensus of opinion has yet settled this controversy. The essential facts bearing on it, however, are reasonably established.

Dr. WELLS used ether December 11, 1844. Rumors of the event reached Boston. They were taken up by Dr. JACKSON, a chemist; and by Dr. MORTON, the former aiding to some extent in the experiments of the latter. Dr. MORTON induced the authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital to permit him to demonstrate the power of ether on a patient in the operating-room of the hospital, and this was done October 16, 1846, with results that astonished the surgeons.

This demonstration, beyond question, was the determining factor in bringing ether into use as an anæsthetic. The discovery, in the words of Dr. HOLMES, "was formally introduced to the scientific world in a paper read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences by Dr. HENRY J. BIGELOW, one of the first, if not the first, of American surgeons." Dr. HOLMES himself suggested to Dr. MORTON the name anæsthesia, which was finally adopted in place of "letheon," which Dr. MORTON at first preferred.

If, then, it be considered that to promulgate an idea is a greater achievement than to originate the idea, the claim of MORTON would seem to secure to him the title of discoverer of the blessings of anæsthesia. And, in point of fact, the world usually does so decide as regards contested discoveries. COLUMBUS and not a Norseman is said to be the discoverer of America. DARWIN and not LAMARCK is thought of as the discoverer of the laws of evolution.

But if, on the other hand, it should be held that the original discoverer is entitled to the credit of full discovery, even though his idea fails to germinate in the minds of others, then MORTON'S claim must be set aside, for it is conceded that Dr. WELLS preceded him in the use of ether as an anæsthetic.

But even here the case does not rest, for it is alleged, and the claim is said to be well substantiated, that Dr. LONG preceded Dr. WELLS in the use of ether, as WELLS preceded MORTON. It is claimed for Dr. LONG that he noticed while a student that "persons who had hurt [*sic*] themselves while intoxicated with ether suffered no pain." He thereupon applied the observation, using ether as an anæsthetic in a minor surgical operation as early as March 30, 1842.

Since, then, it appears that Dr. LONG preceded Dr. WELLS by more than two years, while it required the efforts of JACKSON and MORTON to give the idea of anæsthesia fertility, it is plain that the unqualified statement of the Hartford tablet is hardly justified by the facts. However, it is hardly fair to ask that memorial tablets should hold too rigidly to the details of history, and no one will deny that Dr. WELLS deserves great honor for his share in the discovery of anæsthesia, which was certainly of great importance.

THE COLLECTOR AND THE POSTER.

ANY one who has ever suffered at any time from the mania for collecting, in any of its forms, must feel it in these days a constant tax upon his powers of self-restraint to keep his hands off of the contemporary poster. The posters in particular with which some of the publishers announce the new numbers of magazines, and sometimes new books, are a constant temptation. Any one who has ever collected anything must feel that they are too fascinating to be neglected, and that not to gather them as they appear is a neglect of opportunity that is almost criminal.

For the solace of persons who have this impulse and refuse to yield to it, it is a pleasure to point out that, after all, the collector is a slave to his hobby, and the more things he collects, the more masters he puts over himself. To be able to see pretty things, and not to be bitten with the desire to take them home and salt them down, even when they can be had for the asking, is an attainment which promises to be quite as valuable for its rarity as most of the things that ordinary collectors acquire. When we see the awful length to which the postage-stamp mania has gone, and the prodigious accumulations of photographs which overwhelm most contemporary families, we may surely justify ourselves in some stiffening of our resolution not to drift into the habit of hoarding even pretty things that we do not really want. It is so easy to begin collecting, and so unsatisfactory to stop after one has once started! Let us be stiff-necked—some of us, at least—and maintain that not to be a collector is a distinction, just as it is not to have had one's picture in the newspapers.

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR.

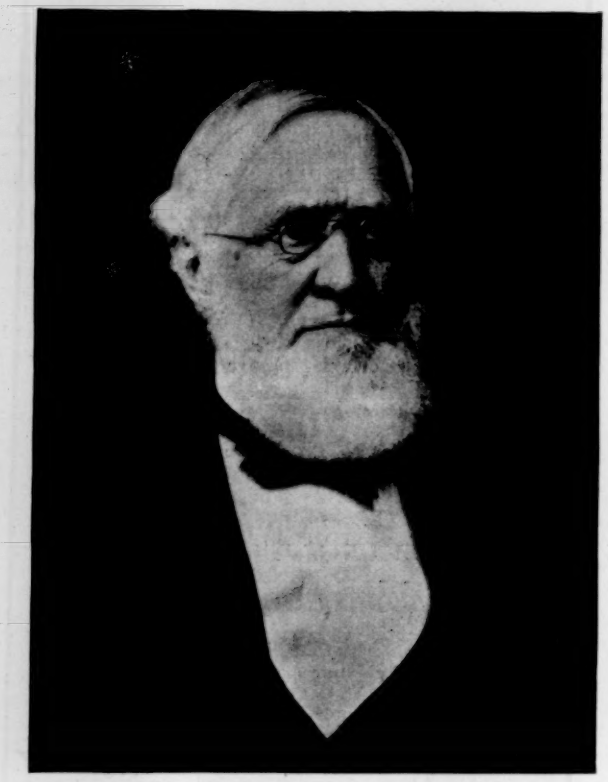
On the evening of January 31st Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar died at Concord, Massachusetts, in which town he was born on February 21, 1816. He was a son of Samuel and Sarah (Sherman) Hoar. Judge Hoar's ancestors, both on the paternal and maternal side, were men and women of cultivation and prominence. Obeying the custom of his family, he pursued a classical education, and was graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1835. After an interval of a year, during which he taught school at Pittsburg, he took up the study of law at the Harvard Law School, and received the degree of LL.B. in 1839, being admitted to the bar in the same year.

Mr. Hoar's advancement in his profession was rapid. From 1849 to 1855 he served as judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and from 1859 to 1869 as judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. In the latter year he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Grant. He discharged the duties of that office from March, 1869, until June, 1870. At this time the relations between the United States and Great Britain were in an unsatisfactory condition. Controversies, some of them having their roots in the pre-Revolutionary period, had arisen, the settlement of which was left finally to a joint high commission. On this commission Judge Hoar held a conspicuous place. The importance of the so-called Treaty of Washington between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland is hard to overestimate. The quarter of a century that has passed since its negotiation has served to establish its high place among the safeguards that make for peace.

At this moment, when heroic measures are being taken to preserve the credit of the United States government, it is interesting to recall that Judge Hoar gave his time, talents, and influence to effecting the first loan made by the government at a great crisis in its history. President Lincoln, Secretary Chase, Judge Hoar, and others were successful in negotiating this loan from American capitalists at a time when the nation was struggling for its very life.

Judge Hoar was elected as a Republican to the Forty-third Congress. In 1874 he was an unsuccessful candidate before the Massachusetts Legislature for the seat in the United States Senate left vacant at the death of Charles Sumner.

He married Caroline D., daughter of Nathan Brooks.



JUDGE E. ROCKWOOD HOAR.
Died January 31, 1895.

Seven children were born to them. Sherman Hoar, the youngest, was elected to Congress in 1891 as a Democrat.

Judge Hoar was a man of genial temperament, and a prominent figure in a circle made up of men of eminence in all lines of intellectual endeavor.

M. DE GIERS.

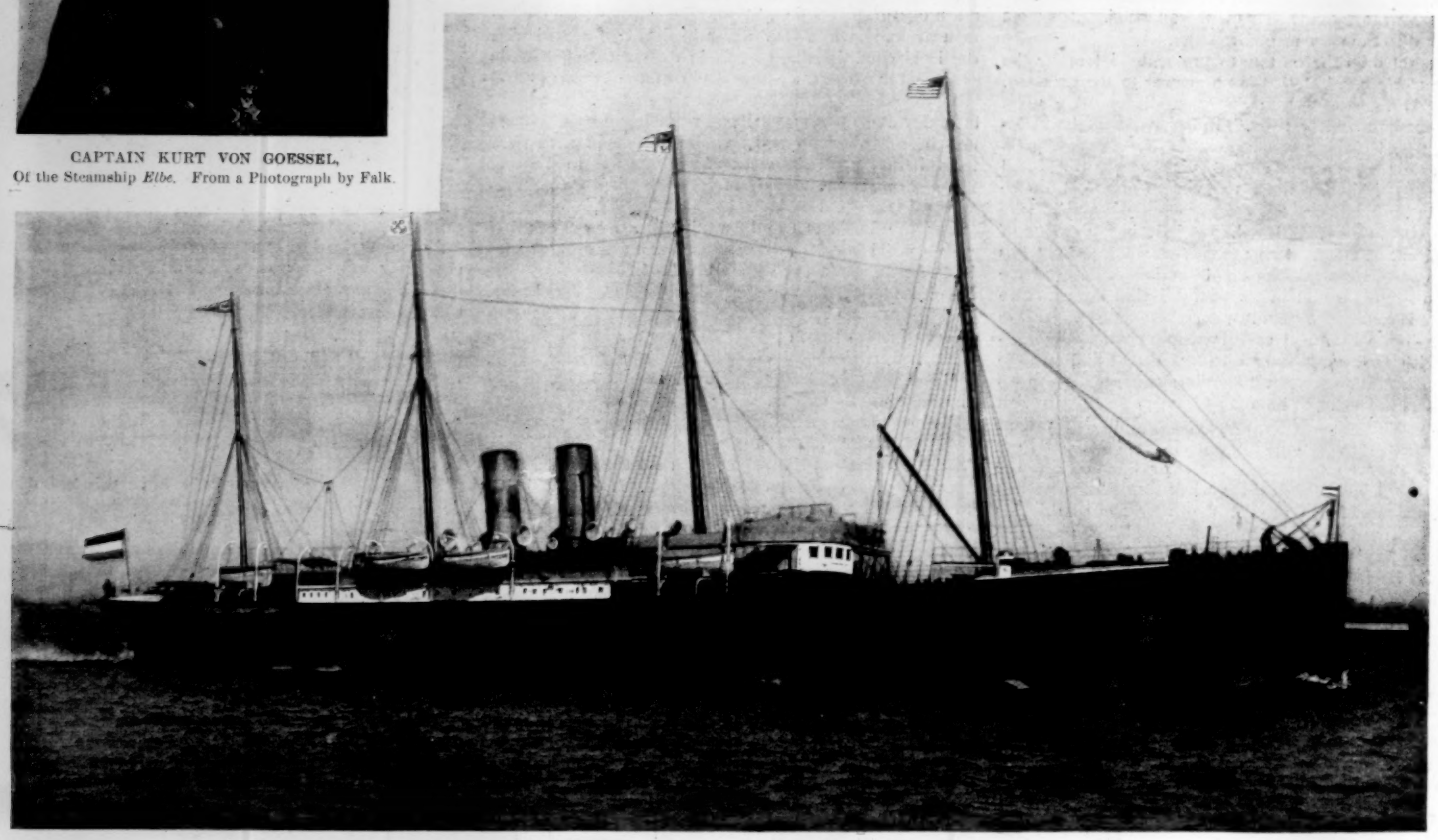
The successor of the famous Prince Gortschakoff, Nikolai Karlovitch de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, died in St. Petersburg on the 26th of January in the seventy-fifth year of his age. M. de Giers spent the whole of his manhood in the Russian diplomatic service. From 1875 until he died he was virtually at the head of the Foreign Affairs Department, though he did not have the title of Minister until Prince Gortschakoff's final retirement in 1882. M. de Giers was of Swedish parentage and was born on the Austrian frontier, at Radzivilow, where his father was postmaster. He was educated at the Imperial Lyceum of Czarskoe-Selo, and at eighteen entered the diplomatic service. He was first sent to Moldavia, but in 1848 was at the headquarters of the Russian troops in Transylvania. For his services at this time he was decorated and made a court councillor.

In 1850 he went to Constantinople as Secretary of the Russian Embassy; three years later he was transferred to Roumania. During the Crimean war he was attached to the Foreign Office, and was sent on important missions to New Russia and Bessarabia. Later he served as Consul-General in Egypt, and then in Wallachia and Moldavia. He was then sent as minister to the Shah's court in Teheran. During his residence of several years in Persia he succeeded in establishing more friendly relations between that country and Russia, and for this he was decorated and made a Privy Councillor. He was next Minister to Switzerland, and then to Sweden.

Meantime M. de Giers had married the Princess Cantacuzene, a favorite niece of Prince Gortschakoff. In 1875, the prince made him Adjunct to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and thus put him in training for the succession. In the Asiatic Department of the Ministry, specially confided to him even when Gortschakoff was personally on duty, he conducted Russia's side in the frequent controversies that arose with England as to affairs in Central Asia. His astuteness, his skill, his persistence, and sagacity were usually too much for the representatives from Downing Street. After 1876 Gortschakoff was frequently absent from St. Petersburg, and during those times De Giers was the chief. Indeed, from the conclusion of the treaty of Berlin De Giers was to all intents and purposes the sole guardian of the foreign affairs of Russia. He has held a prominent place in the diplomatic affairs of Europe for more than eighteen years past. His policy almost universally was in favor of peace. He was friendly with Germany, though after the fall of Bismarck he encouraged French hopes. But he was always careful not to entangle his country in any positive alliance. To have kept his place so long is evidence of rare shrewdness; to have refrained from acquiring a great fortune is evidence of unusual integrity. He has been ill for three years past, and the announcement of his death was not a surprise.

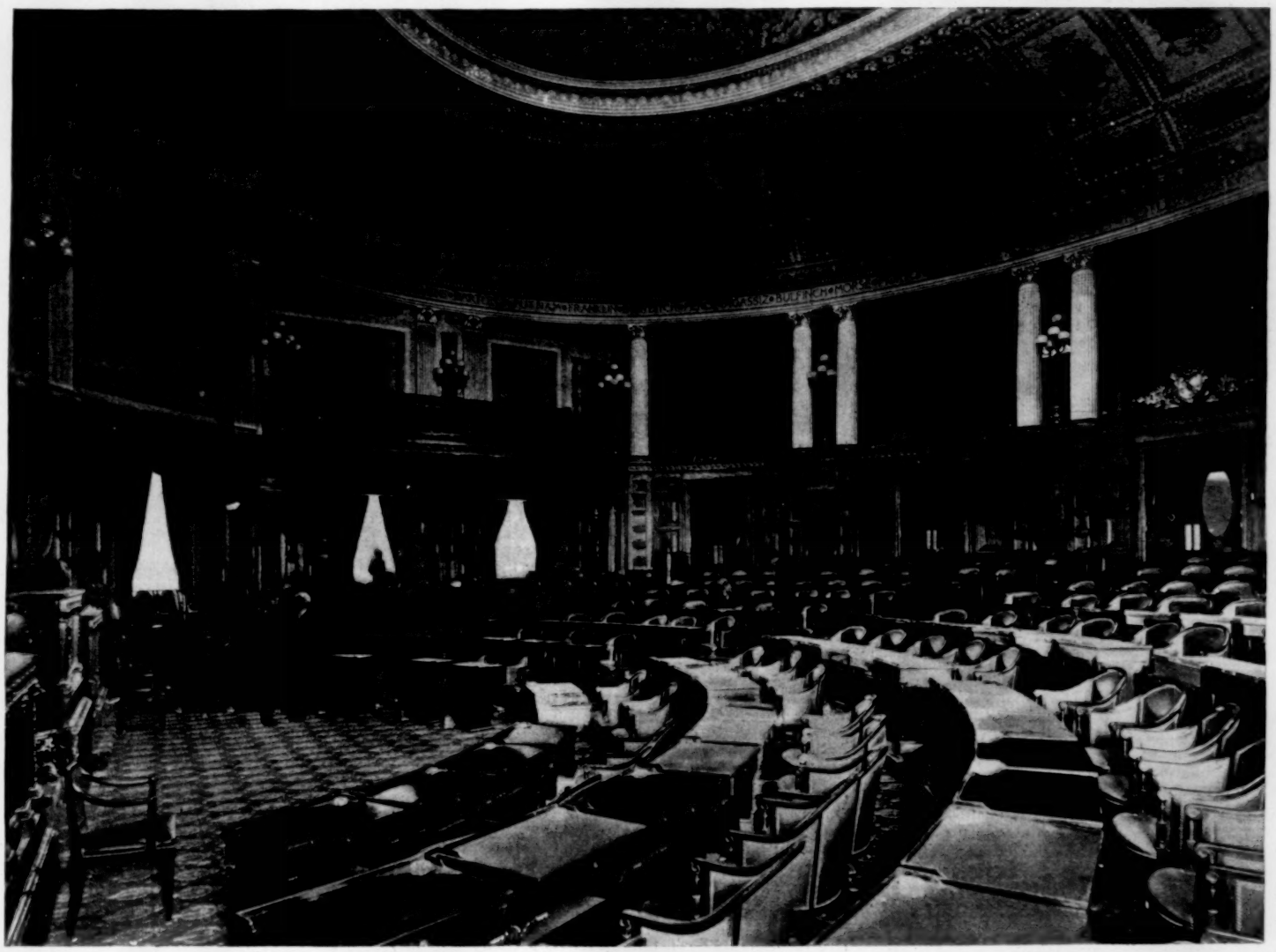
NIKOLAI KARLOVITCH DE GIERS,
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Died January 26, 1895.

CAPTAIN KURT VON GOESSEL,
Of the Steamship *Elbe*. From a Photograph by Falk.



THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP "ELBE."
Sunk in the North Sea after colliding with the British Steamer "Crathie" on the Morning of January 30, 1895. Out of the 354 Souls on Board but 20 were Saved.—[See Page 126.]

THE OLD STATE HOUSE AND THE NEW EXTENSION.—Drawn by Bert Poole.



THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE NEW EXTENSION.—From a Photograph by N. L. Stebbins.

THE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.—[See Page 127.]

NEW YORK'S GERMAN OPERA SEASON.

BY WALTER DAMROSCH.

GERMAN opera, which was founded at the Metropolitan Opera-house by Dr. Damrosch ten years ago, was supplanted by opera in French and Italian under the direction of Messrs. Abbey & Grau in 1891. This change was inevitable, not because the public was tired of opera in German, but because the performances had degenerated during the last years in quality as well as in the character of some of the operas chosen. The selection of such operas as *Diana of Soulange*, "composed" by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, *The Vassal of Szigeth*, and Franchetti's *Asrael*, was, to say the least, ill-advised, and did not add to the glories of opera in German, and even Wagner's works ceased to draw their customary crowds, because some of the principal singers were decidedly inferior to those of earlier seasons.

Since Wagner's death Germany has produced no great operatic composers, while, on the other hand, Italy and France have produced works which, like the *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*, though brutal and unpolished, aroused the attention of the musical world by their dramatic strength, and came as a relief to the vapid operas manufactured elsewhere. Massenet and Saint-Saëns wrote several operas, which, while not absolutely of the first rank, may be classed as well up in the second; and the old lion of Busseto, Verdi, showed in his *Otello*, and even more plainly in *Falstaff*, that he was not yet ready to relinquish his laurels to the younger men beginning to loom up on the musical horizon of Italy.

When the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera-house decided to make the change, Messrs. Abbey & Grau, with a superb company of singers, and with that liberality of outlay which always characterizes their ventures, inaugurated a French and Italian season, which has been successfully continued since.

While theoretically the change from an opera season conducted by the stockholders themselves, without any desire for pecuniary gain, to that of a business venture made by bold speculators might be regretted, the actual results were in many respects of decided benefit to the musical public. We have had an opportunity of hearing the works of Gounod, Massenet, Bizet, Verdi, and Mozart presented by a company of singers unrivalled in the world, and well schooled in all the best traditions of the French and Italian schools. The musician could take exquisite delight in such a performance of Mozart's *Figaro* as we heard last year, or the *Don Giovanni* of this year, but so few of these great singers were acquainted with Wagner's operas and their traditions that, in consequence, the works of the greatest musical dramatic genius of modern times—nay, of any time—were almost neglected. We can recall a few excellent performances of *Die Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin* sung in Italian, given under the enthusiastic leadership of Señor Mancinelli, but Wagner's works lose much of their strength when sung in any but the original tongue, and the public longed for performances of *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Die Götterdämmerung*, and *Tristan und Isolde*. The time seemed to me ripe for a venture which should pave the way towards an eventual union of the two schools of operatic music to be combined in the same company. My desire was not to supplant French opera by German opera, to introduce Wagner in order to exclude everything else, but to give to our public that for which it was clamoring—dignified performances of Wagner's music dramas with German singers of acknowledged reputation.

Messrs. Abbey & Grau did not seem inclined last spring to add the responsibility of a German opera season to that of their own, but they entered with interest and liberality into my scheme, finally renting their house to me for a period of four weeks this spring, and offering to assist me in any way in their power if I chose to give a season of Wagner opera in German on my own responsibility.

I sailed for Germany last May with the determination to obtain a company of really great Wagner singers, or to give up my plan entirely if I did not succeed. I knew that after a long French and Italian season it would not be practicable to give more than a month of Wagner opera; also that the greatest singers in Germany are under life engagements at the principal opera-houses, and therefore could not obtain leave of absence for a long period. After much hard work I succeeded in engaging what seems to me to be a very fine company of artists. It is hardly proper for me to express myself about their qualifications. Most of the names are well known to our travelling public who have been in Baireuth, Berlin, Hamburg, and the principle German cities. Alvary, Fischer, and Behrens are old New York favorites, and the Isolde of Frau Rosa Sucher is world-famed. For her presence in my company I am indebted to Count Hochburg, the Intendant of the Berlin Royal Opera, and I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging his courtesy and interest, through which I obtained the German Emperor's leave of absence for this great artist.

As the strength of a Wagner performance lies in the artistic combination of all the arts, I have tried to lay special importance on the proper costuming, and have gone to Vienna for the painting of all the necessary scenery.

Having the superb Symphony Orchestra at my disposal for constant rehearsals long before the beginning of our opera season, it has been easy for me to work out the orchestral portion of the Wagner operas, which is so important a part of the whole, with much greater attention to detail and finish than is usually permitted a conductor during a regular opera season.

We propose to begin at the Metropolitan Opera-house on Monday evening, February 25th, and will continue for four weeks, and during this period we intend to perform seven of Wagner's operas and music dramas, as follows: *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Die Götterdämmerung*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Meistersinger*.

Our opening performance will be *Tristan und Isolde*, with the following cast:

Isolde	*Frau Rosa Sucher.*
Brangäne	*Fräulein Marie Brema.*
Tristan	*Herr Max Alvary.*
Kurvenal	*Herr Franz Schwarz.*
Seaman	*Herr Paul Lange.*
Melot	*Herr Rudolph Oberhauser.*
King Mark	*Herr Emil Fischer.*

As our singers have leave of absence from Germany for only a short period, my entire season in this country is limited to eight weeks, of which four will be spent in New York, and the rest in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis.

The following is a list of all the artists engaged:

SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.

Frau Rosa Sucher, Berlin Royal Opera and Baireuth; Frl. Johanna Gadski, Bremen Opera; Frl. Elsa Kutscherra, Grand Ducal Opera, Coburg-Gotha; Miss Marcella Lindh, New York; Frl. Marie Brema, London and Baireuth; Miss Marie Maurer, New York.

TENORS.

Herr Max Alvary, Metropolitan Opera, New York, Hamburg Opera, and Baireuth; Herr Nicolaus Rothmühl, Berlin Royal Opera; Herr Paul Lange, Royal Opera, Munich; Herr Paul Siegel, of Royal Opera, Leipsic.

BARYTONES AND BASSOS.

Herr Franz Schwarz, Grand Ducal Opera, Weimar; Herr Rudolph Oberhauser, Royal Opera-house, Berlin; Herr Emil Fischer, German Opera, New York; Herr Conrad Behrens, German Opera, New York; Mr. James F. Thomson, New York; Herr Adolf Dahm-Petersen, New York.

TWENTY FEET OF SNOW.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THIS is what I have just read in my morning newspaper in San Francisco to-day:

"SACRAMENTO, *January* 21*st*.—The scene in the Sierras to-day is one of surpassing magnificence. It seems as if the route of the Central Pacific were laid through the line of the greatest snowfall. With drifts forty feet deep on the level at the summit, the utmost energies of the railroad people are put to the test. The rotaries are tossing snow in continuous streams from the road-bed, but from Gold Run to Truckee snow is falling at the rate of an inch or more an hour."

Thrown off the track in the desert, where half the cars of the train I rode on were wrecked, I escaped from that peril only to find myself blocked for two days in the Sierras by this very snow of which the reporter speaks, and from that blockade I have just emerged into this lively town. I know, therefore, that the account is not an exaggerated one. The snow was twelve feet deep on the level when I was in the mountains, the houses in the valleys were all but buried, the cars ran in pure white alleys between immaculate walls, and the snow, which had been falling more or less steadily for weeks, was still being hurled from the skies in phenomenal quantities. I realized that, long as I have lived in the North, and much as I have travelled in Canada, I never knew what winter could be at its worst; I never dreamed what snow could do.

Tired of the cars, which were then tied up at Emigrant Gap, I left them under a great snow-shed, and plunged down a steep hill-side into the village below, which was but faintly indicated by a few chimneys that here and there broke through the beautiful undulating blanket that lay high and thick upon the mountains, the knolls, and valleys all around me. The trees, cumbered with deep white snow upon every projection, rested their middle branches upon the soft bedding of snow, so that they looked dwarfed and misshapen. In places great granite bowlders sat in hollow wells scooped out by the wind, and on the tops of such stones rested nightcaps of snow that were taller than the rocks themselves. Drifts rose in corkscrew shapes that ended in fantastic curls upon their tops. The way to some of the houses was by tunnels; but looking straight down from above them, there could only be seen a little white-walled shaft opposite the door, as if a hole had been dug there to let in breath to the people indoors. The snow had banked against the houses up to the roof-line, and then had mounted upon itself and grown in weight and depth until there was danger that the roofs would be crushed in. That was why I saw men on Norwegian snow-shoes walking over their own roofs, and stopping there to shovel snow into battlemented walls beside them. Thus they walled their houses in each day, only to find them submerged on the morrow, as the snow continued to fall.

My short walk to the nearest tavern was a chain of lively adventures. "Keep on stamping the path under your feet," cried the natives. In general that was good advice, but sometimes—I am very heavy—I stamped too hard, and broke through and sank to my waist, or I stepped an inch to one side of the path and instantly lost a leg—that temporarily disappeared in the direction of Peking. Twice I was hauled up and out by friendly hands, and once when the others were themselves in trouble I escaped only by sitting down, very hard and very often, in order to make a series of steps upon which to mount to the surface, then above my head. Safe inside the tavern door, I saw a row of Norwegian snow-shoes dripping against the wall. I found that upon them the villagers travel in winter, and that without them they would be jailed in their homes. Canadian net-work shoes would not serve. The snow is too fine and dry. Therefore the shoe in use is a board four inches wide and from nine to a dozen feet long. The women go shopping and visiting upon them. The doctors travel 25 miles at a time upon them on their rounds. The girls coast upon the roofs and smaller knolls upon them. The venturesome young men actually race down the mountain-sides upon them at 20 miles an hour, and even jump ravines and leap over cabins and houses with these shoes in the course of their wagers and their dangerous fun.

That and nightly dances in the snow-bound villages are all the fun the people get. There is too much winter in the Sierras for carnival frolics such as are had in Canada. Winter on these California terraces is too severe to be trifled with or turned into the basis of a long roll of sports. In the larger towns the people dig tunnels from house to house, and house to store, and at one station I went in to supper by way of a tunnel from the cars to the depot restaurant. I saw no horses or sleighs, but I was told that when the snow depths cease to deepen and the trails are pressed hard down, horses are often used. When they step aside from the trails and sink all but out of sight, their owners find that they tire of struggling and desire to resign themselves to death. Then the plan is to choke them with a slip-noose around their necks, when they fight so frantically for breath that they can be led back to the trail. It sometimes happens that a horse that sinks beside the trail slips down through the snow upon the roof of a buried house. Then there is great danger that he will continue downward through the shingles and into some one's parlor or bedroom.

For practical purposes the long narrow Scandinavian shoes are easy to manage, but it is not safe for a beginner to undertake a cross-country walk upon them. There is much to be learned before a snow-shoer becomes adept. Rope or cloth must be bound around the shoes when steep inclines are to be mounted, and when a traveller is about to slip down a grade at express speed he must see to it that his shoes do not "scissor," or cross one another, else he will take a header in the snow and die there. And he must be certain there is no ravine at the bottom of his slide. He must know how to dodge the trees and how to avoid the "well" that surrounds many a tree trunk. He must not lose a shoe, for that suggests a wretched death, unless it be that he is sufficiently skilful to ride with both feet upon one board. Men tie a rope to each shoe and connect it with their belts to avoid the sudden sight of a flying shoe scudding down a mountain-side, and knocking from tree to tree and rock to rock far in the downward distance, while its owner looks on and listens in terror. A stick is the essential accompaniment of each pair of shoes—a stick that has its lower end run through a small block of wood. In climbing this can be leaned upon. It will not penetrate the snow too far. In descending the steep slopes it is carried between the snow-shoer's legs, dragging its protruding block like a brake through the snow behind him.

In all the United States there is no other winter and no other snowfall like this. Five years ago it lay twenty-three feet on the level in these mountains. To-day it has been snowing, off and on, every day for about sixty days. The region is unique, because there the mountains rise above semitropical conditions. On the lowlands there is a rainy season instead of a winter, and when this long downpour is interfered with by tall mountains, incessant rain turns to incessant snow. It is a very light floury snow of tiny mustard-seed granules. It is much drier than other snow, and yields so much less water that our signal service officials often fancy the local reports to be miscalculated. Railroading through it is not so perilous as stage-coaching used to be, when slides buried stages and horses as they to-day bury cottages and grind them up under the rocks they drag with them. But railroading is difficult, slow, and expensive in the Sierra Nevadas. The trains that crawl between the solid white walls are dragged by twins and triplets of great engines and pushed by others. And even then they only move when they follow close behind the huge diabolical-looking rotary snow-ploughs, that are shaped like great houses, and that bore through the depths by means of fanlike turbine-wheels, sucking up the snow and showering it over the adjacent lands in huge dense clouds. Even then the wind often proves stronger, and hurls the snow back upon the tracks, or packs it in the cuts, or slides it over the rails by breaking through the high white walls. Where there is greatest danger of this, long massive snow-sheds are built, and of these there are forty miles in the mountains, I am told.

THE LOSS OF THE "ELBE."

ON the afternoon of January 30th a distressing rumor came to New York of a disaster happening to the North German Lloyd steamship *Elbe*, and on the 31st the terrible character of the accident was confirmed. The *Elbe* left Bremen on Tuesday afternoon, January 29th, in rather heavy weather, the wind blowing hard and the sea running high. It is reported that special vigilance was exercised by the officers so as to warn vessels to keep out of the track of the large steamer.

As well as can now be ascertained, on the morning of the 30th a steamer was seen nearing the *Elbe*, and as an extra precaution rockets were fired. But despite this warning, the speed of the approaching steamer was not diminished, and the *Elbe* was struck abaft of her engine-room by the bow of the smaller steamer. When the smaller steamer broke loose, a large hole was left in the side of the *Elbe*, through which the water poured in torrents. This collision took place some forty-five miles from the Mershelling Light-ship, and at about six o'clock in the morning.

To indicate the exact locality where the collision took place, the steamer leaving Bremen would follow the coast of the Netherlands, and, making for the Strait of Dover, then head a little northerly for Southampton. If she were struck by another vessel going out from Rotterdam or a Dutch port and bound for a Scotch one, the point of contact would be somewhere in the narrows of the North Sea.

The *Elbe*, after she was struck, began to settle almost immediately. From all the testimony that is thus far obtainable, her commander, Captain Von Goessel, was cool and deliberate in everything he did, and bent on saving the lives of his passengers. The orders were given to care for the children and women first, but the interval of time before the ship went down was too brief to carry out the captain's orders. Three boats left the ship, of which two are supposably lost; a third, the last one, with twenty passengers, was picked up by an English fishing-vessel, the *Wildflower*, and brought safely to Lowestoft.

It is now known that the *Elbe* was struck by the *Crathie*, a steamer plying between Rotterdam and Aberdeen. As to the loss of life in the ill-fated steamer, the following general list of passengers and crew will show how dreadfully large it was. There were on the *Elbe* when she left Bremen, of cabin passengers for New York, 44; cabin passengers for Southampton, 6; steerage passengers for New York and Southampton, 149; officers and crew, 155—or a total of 354. Of these only 20 are known to have been saved, so that the probable total loss of life is 334. In such a heavy sea, with the waves breaking over the small boat which weathered the storm, the escape of the twenty survivors was miraculous. It was from them that the character of the accident was obtained.

The *Elbe*, though not the fastest ship of the North German Lloyd steamers, plied regularly between New York, Southampton, and Bremen. She was built in 1881, and her first trip was made in 1881. She was a four-master, and her measurement was 4515 tons. Her length was 420 feet; beam, 45 feet; and she drew, when loaded, 36 feet. She had a single screw, and her steam could be worked up to 5600 horse-power. Though not so rapid as are some of the more recent of steamships, she was considered both stanch and reliable, and on account of her captain, Von Goessel, she always was well patronized by the best class of passengers.

As to the *Crathie*, she is but a small steamer, rating, according to the books, but 450 tons. But the impact a small steamer can give on the hull of a large one is immense. To the power of the smaller vessel's engine may be added the push of the waves. What is known of the

Crathie is that she reached Rotterdam on the 30th of January with her stem stove in, and all appearances were such as would happen from her having struck, bow on, a large vessel.

Captain Kurt von Goessel, who was a Prussian, was forty-three years old. Early in life he had been in the India and China trade, and became in time an officer of the *Suale*, and in September, 1881, was made master of the *Elbe*.

The ill-fated passengers on the *Elbe* came from all parts of Germany, but unquestionably among them were many who, settled in the United States, had been on a visit to their early homes; for already the cry of distress is arising from various sections all over the country, where a father, a brother, a son, a mother, a wife, are among the missing.

The question of marine construction has not yet been apparently settled. Had the force of the small steamer been directed towards the prow of the *Elbe*, save perhaps an indented or a ruptured plate or so, no serious accident could have occurred. To sink a steamer with water-tight compartments seems almost impossible. But where the *Elbe* received a vital blow, abaft her engine-room, must have been exactly in her weakest point. It was just there, from all accounts, that the *Elbe* received a mortal hurt, which resulted in such terrible loss of life.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

In the delicately decorated galleries of the Academy of Design the five hundred pictures assembled by the American Water-color Society create exactly the atmosphere which is expected of that veteran organization. It is the province of its members to be direct and exhilarating, to give pleasure with spontaneity, and in the exhibition they opened to the public on Monday they give a quite adequate demonstration of their ability to fulfil the obligations laid upon them by the character of their medium. Water-color is a vehicle which will lend itself to the expression of no profound ideas, nor will it tolerate a crude conception. It is essentially intended for rapidity and deftness of technique, for lightness and clarity, and the great attraction of the present exhibition is that so large a proportion of the artists contributing to it have recognized this fact.

No one of the painters represented in this collection has attempted too much. Elaborate figure compositions are, on the whole, inexpedient in water-color, and except for Mr. Daingerfield's picture of "Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee," there is no work shown which attacks a highly serious theme. This is a matter for congratulation. It is not intended to undervalue Mr. Daingerfield's sincere effort. The spirit of his design is admirable, and he has composed the scene well. But in water-color a work of this sort lacks solidity, lacks the dignity demanded by the subject, and it confirms the idea that if the medium is to be employed for imaginative schemes at all, it should be confined to such a field as may be found illustrated by Mr. Locke in his charming "Rainbow," No. 151; by Mr. E. S. Hamilton in the graceful nude study which he calls "Andromeda," No. 310; by Mr. Church in his pretty little "Wood-Nymph." Mr. Maynard, also, in his three delightful pictures of water-maidens, shows with aptness and artistic feeling the effect to be drawn from the daintily poetic side of the water-colorist's art. Yet of all the figure pieces which adorn the walls of the Academy this year there is none more felicitous, none more concisely illustrative of the scope and charm of water-color, than the old English scene which Mr. Abbey exhibits under the title of "An Attention." The episode celebrated in this is one of picturesque gallantry. A gayly dressed young fellow, resplendent in silks and buckles, and with a great nosegay in his hand, faces a similarly attractive maiden across the white-walled chamber of an old manor-house. They move in what may be a courtesy, but might also be the opening measure of a dance. The sentiment is slight, of course. The story, such as it is, is of the very thinnest, and no great interest attaches to the composition, considered purely as such. Yet for grace, for pictorial elegance and charm, for the touch-and-go quality which is so valuable in water-color, this is one of the best pictures in the show. It is pitched in a moderate key, despite the whites and yellows which enter into the scheme, and with the fresh mellow light that suffuses the simple interior it leaves an enchanting impression of antique gayety and simple beauty.

Two or three of Mr. Abbey's colleagues have gone to eras not far removed from his for their subjects, Mr. Clinedinst, Mr. Witt, and Mr. Leon Moran having all sought relief in old costumes from the every-day motives of contemporary dress, but most of the figure-work here has been done among thoroughly familiar models. The result, though less exquisitely charming perhaps than in the case of a picture like Mr. Abbey's, is not in the long-run disappointing. Mr. Smedley has done some capital work in his drawings of fashionable types, and his sense of humor has re-enforced his facile brush. He and Mr. Reinhart, in their group of sketches after well-dressed men and still more piquant women, are amusing in their implied comment in the slightly satirical point of view which underlies their art, and they are unmistakably clever in their executive ease and finish. The summer girl and her well-groomed companion become picturesque under their hands, just as her parallel in the city takes on an enhancement of her decorative aspect when she is bodied forth in such a sketch as the "Songs without Words" of Mr. Wiles, an effectively drawn and fairly well colored production. Subjects similar to Mr. Wiles's are pleasantly in evidence. Mr. Livingston Platt has good drawing and better tone in Nos. 226 and 167, his two studies of a girl in gray; and in the "Soubrette" of Mr. Orson Lowell, in the arrangement of black and orange offered by Miss Parrish in her sketch of a young woman standing, in the richly colored little figure done by Mr. C. L. Hinton in No. 25, there is much to admire and enjoy.

Here and there are paintings from figures of more generic picturesqueness. Mr. Edwards has found an attractive model in a Flemish peasant, and has treated her with taste and skill. Mr. Will S. Robinson has done some good work among fisher-folk on the shore in No. 240. Mr. Brainerd brings forward a brisk and clever sketch of an Indian figure in No. 372. And by Mr. Charles Reiffel, a new man, there is a small Moorish night scene, No. 237, crowded with white-robed figures, which has excellent technical qualities and uncommon depth of tone. The light in Mr. Reiffel's design is especially well handled. Mr. Magrath, Mr. Mente, and Mr. Jules Guerin show paintings done among American rustics. All are interesting, and Mr. Guerin comes rather strenuously to the front. His touch is strong and, in the main, original. The hint of Raffaelli in Nos. 256 and 264 is only a hint, and for the breadth and truth of the work it is plain that we are indebted to no individuality but Mr. Guerin's own. It will be gratifying to see more of him in future exhibitions. Taking No. 239, Mr. Rosenberg's artistic little interior, with its one substantial and one ghostly occupant, as providing an appropriate point of transition, we may pass from the vigorous peasant studies just mentioned to the frailest, most subtle figure subjects shown—the two or three pictures of children sent by Mr. A. B. Davies. He has put into these, as he puts into all of his paintings, a wonderful amount of new and sensitive feeling. In a picture like No. 201 you are conscious of the same technical defects which have hurt so much of the work done by Mr. Davies—the same vacillation of line and immaturity of modelling—but the spirit is poetic, the sentiment is really tender, the tone is that of a new man developing a new art, and, for the sake of what he promises, as well as for the sake of what he has thus far done so well, Mr. Davies is forgiven all his sins.

Weighing them all together, it might be said of the figure paintings in this collection that they show less thought than technique, fewer elements of a subjective nature than manual ingenuities. To turn to the landscapes and kindred paintings is to reach a more generally flattering judgment. Here there is breadth and there is strength, there is freedom and there is power, there is color and there is sentiment—most of all, sentiment. The place of honor in the south gallery is given to a suggestive and finely executed polar fantasy by Mr. Snell. It is flanked by two large landscapes from Mr. Murphy and Mr. Ranger respectively, scenes conceived with dignity and painted with authority. Everywhere the standard set at this conspicuous point is earnestly maintained. Mr. Minor, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Ochtman, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Mygatt, Mr. Crane, Mr. Schilling, and more others than it is possible to touch upon now, bring to the formation of this exhibition a genuine insight into natural beauty and a distinct facility in the interpretation of it. The atmosphere in Mr. Schilling's landscape in the north gallery is exquisitely rendered. Mr. Shurtleff's snowy forest interior is lovely in its realism and its subtle suggestiveness. Mr. Smith's Venetian scenes, Mr. Platt's Italian landscape, the purely American studies by Mr. H. P. Smith, Mr. Needham, Mr. Rehn, and Mr. Champney, are illustrative of tact in the selection and skill in the treatment of familiar but none the less engaging places. With these landscapes are grouped some few good animal studies by Mr. Horatio Walker, Mr. C. M. McIlhenny, Mr. F. R. Green, and Mr. A. P. Proctor.

The average throughout the mass of work represented by those painters whose exhibits have been especially signalized is higher than usual. As was stated at the beginning of these remarks, the jury has accepted five hundred water-colors, but it cannot be said that their amiability has exceeded their discretion. The walls are not crowded. Most of the pictures are small, and in spite of their number they have left room at one end of the west gallery for an interesting little collection of Japanese water-colors, and out in the corridor the Etching Club has hung numerous plates from its American members, besides a handful of foreign examples. In addition to the clever work of Mr. Mygatt, Mr. Mielatz, Miss Dillaye, and other Americans, there are specimens of Helleu, Frank Short, and more than one of their European fellows.

Royal Cortissoz.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE-HOUSE EXTENSION.

Bulfinch, the first and one of the greatest of American architects, would probably be amazed, and hardly amused, could he behold the annex to his masterpiece, the famous Boston State House. Perhaps the "State-House Extension," as it is called, might more truthfully be described as the structure to which the Bulfinch edifice has been annexed, for at present its size quite dwarfs the old building, and friends of good architecture are now considering the problem as to how this unpleasant effect may be counteracted.

It is noteworthy that the corner-stone of the Bulfinch structure was laid on July 4, 1795, so that it lacks but six months of a century from that date to the time when the new part, upon which $2,500,000 has been expended, was occupied for legislative purposes. For many years more room has been sadly needed by the various departments of the State government. In 1889 the construction of the extension was authorized, and land was taken for the purpose—without forethought as to architectural consequences—in the rear of the old Capitol, on the north slope of Beacon Hill. An architectural competition resulted in the selection of a design by Mr. Charles Brigham. Governor Ames laid the corner-stone of the new part on December 21, 1890.

The extension is of yellow brick with trimmings of white marble, simulating the familiar yellow and white of the "Colonial" style. Its design was intended to harmonize with that by Bulfinch, but the result is generally regarded as infelicitous, being severely criticised as out of scale and weak in effect, though having the merit of considerable good detail.

Most unfortunate are the unstable-looking basement, the feeble east entrance, the ill-proportioned north façade, and the formless roof of the Hall of Representatives. The connection has not yet been made with the old part. The commissioners in charge of the construction of the new part last year urged the demolition of the Bulfinch edifice and the construction of an entirely new front. This raised such a universal and indignant protest throughout the commonwealth that the proposition was rejected by the Legislature. There is a strong feeling that the reconstruction of the old part made necessary by new conditions should proceed with the most thoughtful regard for the spirit of Bulfinch's historic design, while making such changes as are essential to protect it against the injurious effect of the ill-considered addition.

The interior of the extension is pleasant, cheerful, well ventilated, and for the most part convenient. It is occupied by the various administrative and executive departments of the commonwealth, and includes two large and handsome halls—that of the House of Representatives and the State Library, beside various legislative committee-rooms, etc. The Senate remains in its chamber in the old building.

The new Hall of Representatives is a handsome and richly decorated room, considerably larger than the old hall, but lacking the stately beauty of the latter, which is one of Bulfinch's finest interiors. The acoustic properties of the old hall are perfect, but those of the former turn out to be very defective.

The decorations of the new hall, by Mr. Frank Hill Smith, are very handsome. Its amphitheatre shape, with domed ceiling, lends itself well to fine decorative effects. The treatment is in the Italian Renaissance. Prominent features of the scheme are the names of fifty-three men eminent in Massachusetts history inscribed on the frieze, beginning with John Carver and ending with Phillips Brooks, the names of the counties in the stained-glass skylight, and the symbols of statecraft, law, commerce, science, industry, the arts, etc., that occupy panels in the coving and elsewhere. Five large panels on the wall are intended to be occupied by decorative pictures representing events in Massachusetts history.

The State House in its new shape will have grounds of considerable extent on the east side, a large area now covered with buildings having been taken for the purpose.

MILITARY TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

Those veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic who for two years have been laboring with enthusiasm and unceasing diligence to create a sentiment throughout the country favorable to military instruction in the public schools decided upon a very effective plan to aid their movement when they arranged to make a demonstration of the physical effect, at least, that military drill has upon school-boys. The chief promoters of this movement have been members of Lafayette Post, G.A.R., of New York city. On Friday, January 25th, a committee of the post invited to confer with them the Governors and their military staffs of neighboring States. The Lieutenant-Governor of New York presided at the conference, and the Governors of five other States—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—were present or represented by their Adjutant-Generals. Messages of sympathy with the movement were received from the Governors of nearly every State in the Union who were not personally represented.

The "conference" was probably merely a clever device to secure the attendance of public officials whom it was desired to impress with the value of military training for school-boys. The real impression was produced not by the patriotic speeches made there, but by the exhibition drill of school-boys given in the afternoon in the great drill-hall of the Seventh Regiment.

When the conference adjourned to the armory of the Seventh the visitors found the drill-hall converted into a miniature army post. There were present eight hundred school-boy cadets, from five public schools, forming a regiment of infantry, with a colonel commanding, aided by regimental field and staff officers.

The hall was patrolled by boy sentinels in full uniform, carrying the regulation State Remington .50-calibre rifles, who rendered the proper honors and saluted with grave precision as they allowed the Governors and staff-officers to pass. The various companies were drawn up on three sides of the hall. The captains and other officers were not always the older members, but surely they were the most soldierly; for no line officers of the regulars ever looked more keenly appreciative of their duties and responsibilities at inspection than did these fourteen-year-old officers.

Only a few of the companies were fully uniformed, armed, and accoutred; some were uniformed but not armed, and some, the latest-formed companies, were neither uniformed nor armed. First there was a battalion drill, then a drill in the manual of arms by two companies, a bayonet drill by a picked squad, and finally a review of the battalion by the Governors.

In the review the effect of the military instruction was best seen. Those eight hundred boys were of the hobbledehoy age—from ten to sixteen—but there was not an awkward movement, a shambling gait, a furtive eye, or pair of stoop shoulders among them.

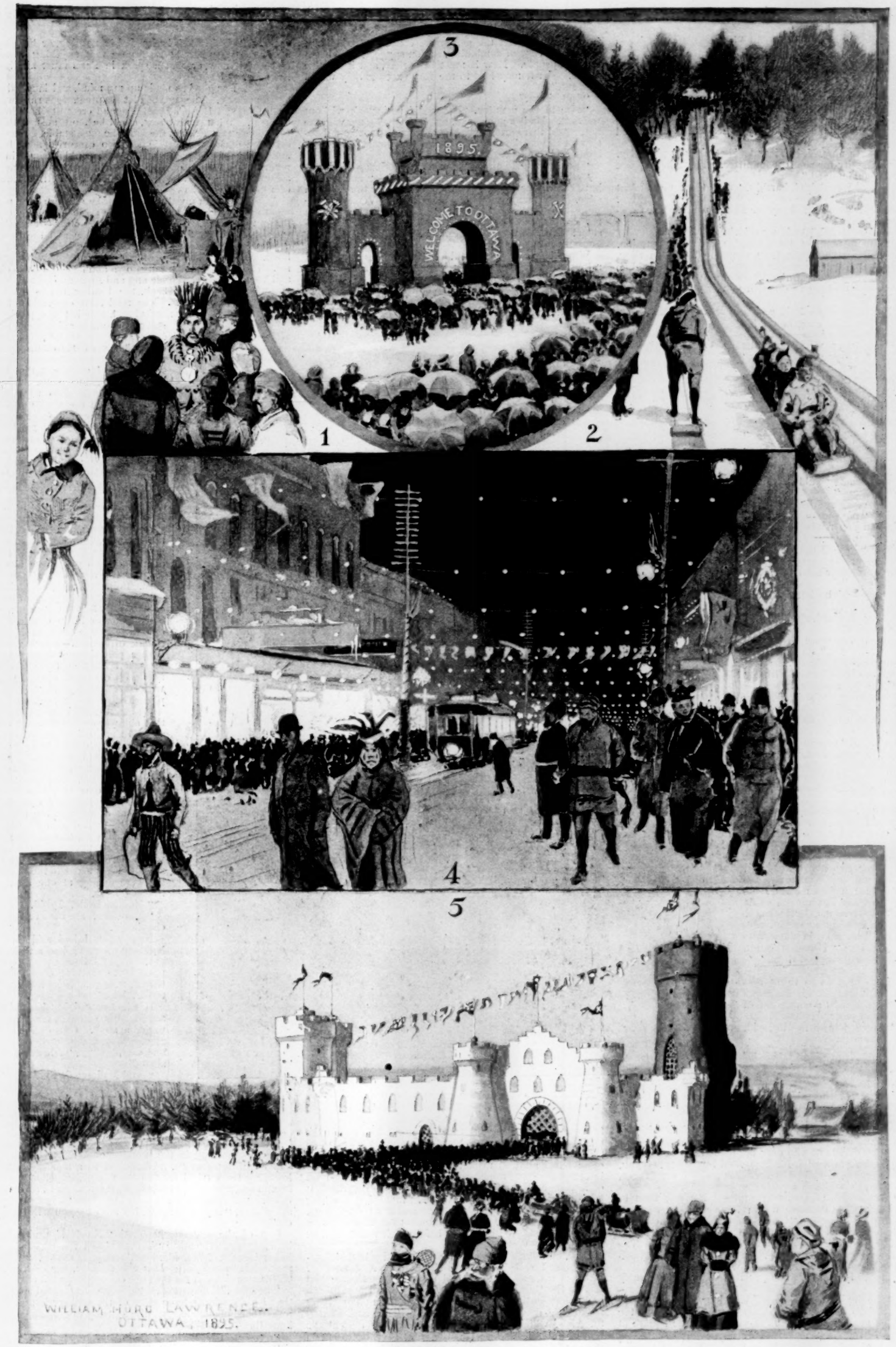
The older boys, those who have had one or two years military instruction, marched with the style which has made New York's Seventh Regiment so famous. But the younger boys, the ununiformed ones, were more interesting to the observers who were most thoughtfully studying the exhibition. One such company was from a school in a poorer part of the city, and their own hats and caps were so variously ragged that they were marched bareheaded. They came from neighborhoods where there is little in their home environment or associations to induce cleanliness or orderliness, but as they marched by the reviewers with their hands at salute it was seen that those hands were as clean as the shining faces they shaded. Their poor clothing was clean and neat. Their bodies and legs and arms were responding quickly to the training which will make them strong and active.

Military instruction in the public schools of New York has no official recognition, although the school commissioners are greatly in favor of it; it has no State or municipal aid. The companies of older boys, however, are loaned rifles from the State arsenal, for which the teachers are personally responsible. The principals and teachers in every school where a company has been formed are greatly in favor of the extension of the system. In their opinion it makes the boys better scholars and more amenable to the ordinary school discipline.

The boys pay for their own uniforms, which cost from $10 to $12 each, and that expense of course greatly limits the number of uniformed companies. Enlistment is voluntary, and the drilling is done after school hours. Nearly all of the instruction is given by the older cadets, some of whom are very proficient in the drill regulations.

What the Grand Army men who are promoting the extension of military instruction in the schools seek to achieve is such State aid as will insure proper instructors, uniforms for the cadets, and their recognized organization into military bodies having some relation to the militia and national guards of the various States.

CHILLY WORK.—Drawn by A. S. Daggy.



THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT OTTAWA, CANADA.—[See Page 135.]

1. Encampment of Mohawk Indians. 2. The Castle Toboggan Slide. 3. Live Arch on Mackenzie Street—Crowd awaiting the Arrival of the Snow-shoe Clubs. 4. Electrical Display on Sparks Street at Night. 5. The Ice-Castle, Nepean Point.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

A MEETING IN THE ROAD.

THE unexpected eloquence which rang in the blacksmith's words, and the assurance of his tone, no less than this startling disclosure of thoughts with which I had never dreamed of crediting him or any other peasant, took me so aback that for a moment I stood silent. Andoury seized the occasion and struck in.

"You see now, M. le Vicomte," he said, complacently, "the necessity for such a committee. The King's peace must be maintained."

"I see," I answered, harshly, "that there are violent men abroad, who were better in the stocks. Committee? Let the King's officers keep the King's peace. The proper machinery—"

"It is shattered," Andoury said.

The next moment he quailed at his presumption. "Then let it be repaired!" I thundered. "Mon Dieu, that a set of tavern cooks and base-born rascals should go about the country prating of it—and prating to me! Go; I will have nothing to do with you or your committee. Go, I say!"

"Nevertheless—a little patience, M. le Vicomte," Andoury persisted, chagrin on his pale face—"nevertheless, if any of the nobility would give us countenance—you most of all—"

"There would then be some one to hang instead of Andoury," I answered. "Some one behind whom he could shield himself, and lesser villains hide. But I will not be the stalking-horse."

"And yet in other provinces," he answered, desperately, his disappointment more and more pronounced, "M. de Liancourt and M. de Rochefoucauld have not disdained to—"

"Nevertheless, I disdain!" I retorted. "And more, I tell you, and I bid you remember it, you will have to answer for the work you are doing. I have told you it is treason. It is treason; and I will have neither act nor part in it. Now go."

"There will be burning," the smith muttered.

"Begone!" I said, sternly. "If you do not—"

"Before the morn is old the sky will be red," he answered. "On your head, seigneur, be it!"

I aimed a blow at him with my cane, but he avoided it with a kind of dignity and stalked away, Andoury following him with a pale hangdog face, and his finery sitting very ill upon him. I stood and watched them go, and then I turned to the curé to hear what he had to say.

But I found him gone. He too had slipped away—through the house to intercept them at the gates, perhaps, and dissuade them. I waited for him, querulously tapping the walk and watching the corner of the house. Presently he came round it, holding his hat an inch or two above his head, his lean tall figure almost shadowless; for it was noon. I noticed that his lips moved as he came towards me, but when I spoke he looked up cheerfully.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my question; "I went through the house and stopped them."

"It would be useless," I said. "Men so mad as to think that they could replace his Majesty's government with a committee of smiths and pastry-cooks—"

"I have joined it," he said, smiling faintly.

"The committee?" I ejaculated, breathless with surprise.

"Even so."

"Impossible!"

"Why not?" he said, quietly. "Have I not always predicted this day? Is not this what Rousseau with his *Rights of Man*, and Beaumarchais with his *Figaro*, and every philosopher who ever repeated the one and every fine lady who ever applauded the other, have been teaching? Well, it has come, and I have advised you, M. le Vicomte, to stand by your order. But I, a poor man, I stand by mine. And for the committee of what seems to you, my friend, impossible people—is not any kind of government"—this more warmly, and as if he were arguing with himself—"better than none? Understand, monsieur, the old machinery has broken down. The Intendant has fled. The people defy the magistrates. The soldiers side with the people. The huissiers and tax-collectors are—the good God knows where."

"Then," I said, indignantly, "it is time for the gentry to—"

"Take the lead and govern?" he rejoined. "By whom? A handful of servants and game-keepers? Against the people? against such a mob as you saw in the square at Cahors? Impossible, monsieur."

"But—the world seems to be turning upside down," I said, helplessly.

"The greater need of a strong, unchanging holdfast—not of the world," he answered, reverently, and he lifted his hat a moment from his head and stood in thought. Then he continued: "However, the matter is this: I hear from Andoury that the gentry are collecting at Cahors, with some view of combining, as you suggest, and checking the people. Now it must be useless, and it may be worse. For it may lead to the very excesses they would prevent."

"In Cahors?"

"No; in the country. Buton did not speak without warrant. He is a good man, but he knows some who are not. And there are lonely châteaux in Quercy, and dainty women who have never known the touch of a rough hand, and—children."

"But," I cried, aghast, "do you fear a Jacquerie?"

"God knows," he answered, solemnly. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. How many years have men spent, at Versailles, the peasant's blood, life, bone, flesh! To pay back at last, it may be, of their own. But God forbid! God forbid, monsieur! Yet, if ever—it comes now."

When he was gone I could not rest. His words had raised a fever in me—what might not be afoot? what might not be going on while I lay idle?—and presently, to quench my thirst for news, I mounted and rode out on the way to Cahors. The day was hot, and the time for riding ill-chosen, but the exercise did me good. I began to recover from the giddiness of thought into which the curé's fears, coming on the top of Buton's warning, had thrown me. For the moment I had seen things with their eyes; I had allowed myself to be carried away by their imaginations; and the prospect of a France ruled by a set of farriers and postilions had not seemed so bizarre as it began to look now, that I had time, mounting the long hill which lies one league from Saux and two from Cahors, to consider it calmly. For the moment the wild idea of a whole gentry fleeing like hares before their peasantry had not seemed so very wild.

Now, on reflection, beginning to see things in their normal sizes, I called myself a simpleton. A Jacquerie? Three centuries and more had passed since France had known the thing in the Dark Ages. Could any save a child alone in the dark, or a romantic maiden alone in her rock castle, dream of its recurrence? True, as I skirted St. Alais, which lies a little aside from the road at the foot of the hill, I had seen at the village turning a sullen group of faces that should have been at that hour over the hoe; a group gloomy, discontented, waiting, waiting, with shock heads and eyes glittering under low brows, for God knows what. But I had seen such a gathering before; in bad times when seed was lacking, or when despair or some excessive outrage on the part of the fermier had driven the peasants to fold their hands and quit the fields. And always it had ended in nothing, or hanging at most. Why should I suppose that anything would come of it now, or that a spark in Paris must kindle a fire here?

In fact, I as good as made up my mind, and laughed at my simplicity. The curé had let his predictions run away with him, and Buton's ignorance and credulity had done the rest. What, I now saw, could be more absurd than to suppose that France, the first, the most stable, the most civilized of states, wherein for two centuries none had resisted the royal power and stood, could become in a moment the theatre of barbarous excesses? What more absurd than to conceive it turned into the Petit Trianon of a gang of roturiers and canaille?

At this point in my thoughts I broke off, for at the moment a coach came slowly over the ridge before me and began to descend. For a space it hung clear-cut against the sky, the burly figure of the coachman and the heads of the two lackeys who swung behind it visible above the hood. Then it began to drop down cautiously towards me. The men behind sprang down and locked the wheels, and the lumbering vehicle slid and groaned downwards, the wheelers pressing back, the leading horses tossing their heads impatiently. The road there descends not in lacets, but straight for nearly half a mile between poplars, and on the summer air the screaming of the wheels and the jingling of the harness came distinctly to the ear.

"'MADEMOISELLE,' I SAID."

Presently I made out that the coach was Madame St. Alais's, and I felt inclined to turn and avoid it. But the next moment pride came to my aid, and I shook my reins and went on to meet it.

I had scarcely seen a person except Father Benôit since the affair at Cahors; and my cheek flamed at the thought of the rencontre before me. For the same reason the coach seemed to come on very slowly; but at last I came abreast of it, passed the straining horses, and looked into the carriage, with my hat in my hand, fearing I might see madame, hoping I might see Louis, ready with a formal salute at least. Politeness required no less.

But sitting in the place of honor, instead of M. le Marquis, or his mother, or M. le Comte, was one little figure throned in the middle of the seat—a little figure with a pale astonished face that blushed scarlet at the sight of me; with eyes that opened wide with fright, and lips that trembled piteously. It was mademoiselle.

Had I known a moment earlier that she was in the carriage and alone, I should have passed by in silence, as was doubtless my duty after what had happened. I was the last person who should have intruded on her. But the men, grinning, I dare say, at the encounter—for probably madame's treatment of me was the talk of the house—had drawn up and I had reined up instinctively; so before I quite understood that she was alone, save for two maids who sat with their backs to the horses, we were gazing at one another like two fools.

"Mademoiselle!" I said.

"Monsieur!" she answered, mechanically.

Now when I had said that, I had said all that I had a right to say. I should have gone on with that. But something impelled me to add, "Mademoiselle is going—to St. Alais?"

Her lips moved, but I heard no sound. She stared at me like one under a spell. One of her women, however, answered for her, and said, briskly, "Ah, oui, monsieur."

"And Madame de St. Alais?"

"Madame remains at Cahors," the woman answered, in the same tone, "with Monsieur le Marquis, who has business."

Then, at any rate, I should have gone on, but the girl sat looking at me silent and blushing; and something in the picture, something in the thought of her arriving alone and unprotected at St. Alais, added to a memory of the lowering faces I had seen in the village, impelled me to stand and linger, and finally to blurt out what I had in my mind. "Mademoiselle," I said, impetuously, ignoring her attendants, "if you will take my advice—you will not go on."

One of the women muttered "Ma foi!" under her breath. The other said "Indeed?" and turned her head impertinently. But mademoiselle found her voice. "Why, monsieur?" she said, clearly and sweetly, her eyes wide with a surprise that for the moment overcame her shyness.

"Because," I answered, diffidently—I repented already that I had spoken—"the state of the country is such—I mean that Madame la Marquise scarcely understands, perhaps, that—that—"

"What, monsieur?" mademoiselle asked, primly.

"That at St. Alais," I stammered, "there is a good deal of discontent, mademoiselle, and—"

"At St. Alais?" she said.

"In the neighborhood, I should have said," I answered, awkwardly. "And—and, in fine," I continued, very much embarrassed, "it would be better, in my poor opinion, for mademoiselle to turn and—"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"Accompany monsieur, perhaps?" one of the women said; and she giggled insolently.

Mademoiselle St. Alais flashed a look at the offender that made me wink. Then, with her cheeks burning, she said, "Drive on!"

I was foolish. "But, mademoiselle," I said, "a thousand pardons, but—"

"Drive on!" she repeated, this time in a tone which, though it was still sweet and clear, was not to be gainsaid. The maid who had not offended—the other looked no little scared—repeated the order, the coach began to move, and in a moment I was left in the road, sitting on my horse with my hat in my hand, and looking foolishly at nothing.

The straight road running down between lines of poplars, the descending coach, lurching and jolting as it went, the faces of the grinning lackeys as they looked back at me through the dust—I well remember them now. They form a picture strangely vivid and distinct in that gallery where so many more important have faded into nothingness. I was hot, angry, vexed with myself, conscious that I had trespassed beyond the becoming, and that I more than deserved the repulse I had suffered. But through all ran the thread of a new feeling—a quite new feeling. Mademoiselle's face moved before my eyes—showing through the dust; her eyes, full of dainty surprise, or disdain as delicate, accompanied me as I rode. I thought of her, not of Buton or Andoury, the committee or the curé, the heat or the dull road. I ceased to speculate except on the chances of a peasant rising. That—that alone assumed a new and more formidable aspect, and became in a moment imminent and probable. The sight of mademoiselle's childish face had given a reality to Buton's warnings which all the curé's hints had failed to impart to them.

So much did the thought now harass me that to escape it I shook up my horse and cantered on, Gil and André following, and wondering doubtless why I did not turn. But wholly taken up with the horrid visions which the blacksmith's words had called up, I took no heed of time until I awoke to find myself more than half-way on the road to Cahors, which lies three leagues and a mile from Saux. Then I drew rein and stood in the road, in a strange fit of excitement and indecision. Within the half-hour I might be at Madame St. Alais's door in Cahors, and whatever happened then I should have no need to reproach myself. Or in half an hour I might be at home, ingloriously safe.

Which was it to be? The moment, though I did not know it, was fateful. On the one hand mademoiselle's face, her beauty, her innocence, her helplessness, pleaded with me and dragged me on to give the warning. On the other my pride urged me to return and avoid such a reception as I had every reason to expect.

In the end I went on. In less than half an hour I had crossed the Valandré bridge. Yet it must not be supposed that I decided without doubt or went forward without misgiving. The taunts and sneers to which madame had treated me were too recent for that, and a dozen times pride and resentment almost checked my steps, and I turned and went home again. But on each occasion the ugly faces and brutish eyes I had seen in the village rose before me; I remembered the hatred in which Gargouf, the St. Alais steward, was held; and picturing the horrors that might be enacted before help could come from Cahors, I went on.

Yet with a mind made up to ridicule, which even the crowded streets, when I reached them, failed to relieve, though they wore an unmistakable air of excitement. Groups of people busily conversing were everywhere to be seen, and in two or three places men were standing on stools, in a fashion then new to me, haranguing handfuls. Some of the shops were shut; there were guards before others and the bakehouses. I remarked a great number of journals and pamphlets in men's hands, and that where these were the talk rose loudest. In some places, too, my appearance seemed to create excitement, but this was of a doubtful character—a few greeting me respectfully, while more stared at me in silence. Several asked me as I passed if I brought news, and seemed disappointed when I said I did not, and at two points a knot of people hooted me.

This angered me a little, but I forgot it in a thing still more surprising. Presently, as I rode, I heard my name called. I turned to find M. de Gontaut hurrying after me as fast as his dignity and lameness would permit. He leaned as usual on the arm of a servant, his other hand holding a cane and snuff-box, and two stout fellows followed him. I had no reason to suppose that he would appreciate the service I had done him more highly or acknowledge it more gratefully than on the day of the riot, and my surprise was great when he came up, his face all smiles.

"Nothing for months has given me so much pleasure," he said, saluting me with the utmost cordiality. "By my faith, M. le Vicomte, you have outdone us all! You will have such a reception yonder—and you have brought two good knaves, I see. It is not fair," he continued, with senile jocularity—"I declare it is not fair. But you know the text? 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than'—ha, ha! Well, we must not be jealous. You have taught them a lesson, and now we are all united."

"But, M. le Baron," I said, in amazement, as, obeying his gesture, I moved on, while he limped jauntily beside me, "I do not understand you in the least."

"You don't?" he said.

"No," I said.

"Ah, you did not think that we should hear it so soon?" he replied, shaking his head sagely. "Oh, I can tell you we are well provided. The campaign has begun, and the information department has not been neglected. Little escapes us, and we shall soon set these rogues right. But, for the fact, that damned rascal Andoury let it out. I hear you told them some fine home truths. A committee—the insolents! And in our teeth! But you gave them a sharp set-back, I hear, M. le Vicomte. If you had joined it, now—"

He stopped abruptly. A man crossing the street had slightly jostled him. The old noble lost his temper, and on the instant raised his stick with a passionate oath, and the man cowered away, begging his pardon. But M. de Gontaut was not to be appeased. "Vagabond!" he cried after him, in a voice trembling with rage. "You would throw me down again, would you? We will put you in your place by-and-by. We will—why, Dieu, when I was young—"

"But, M. le Baron," I said, to divert his attention—for two or three bystanders were casting ugly looks at us, and I saw that it needed little to bring about a fracas—"are you quite sure that we shall be able to keep them in check?"

The old noble still trembled, but he drew himself up with a gesture of pathetic gallantry. "We shall see" he cried. "When it comes to hard knocks, we shall see, monsieur. But here we are, and there is Madame St. Alais on the balcony with some of her body-guard." He stopped to kiss his hand with the air of a Polignac. "Up there, M. le Vicomte, you will see what you will see," he continued. "And I—I shall be in luck too, for I have brought you."

It seemed to me more like a dream than reality. A week before, I had been spurned from this house with insults; I had been bidden never to enter it again. Now, on the balconies, from which pretty faces and powdered heads looked down, handkerchiefs fluttered in my honor. On the stairs, which, crowded with servants and lackeys, shook under the constant stream of comers and goers, I was received with a hum of applause. In every corner snuff-boxes were being tapped and canes handled; the flashing of roguish eyes behind fans vied with the glitter of mirrors. But through all this a lane was made for me. At the door Louis met me. A little farther on madame came half-way across the room to me. It was a triumph; a triumph which I found inexplicable, unintelligible, until I learned that the rebuff which I had administered to the deputation had been exaggerated a dozen times, till it met even the wishes of the more violent; while the sober and thoughtful were only too glad to hail in my adhesion the proof of that reaction which the royalist party from the first day of the trouble never ceased to expect.

No wonder that, taken by surprise and intoxicated with incense, I let myself go. To have declared, in that company and with madame's gracious words in my ears, that I had *not* come to join them, that I had come on a different errand altogether, that though I had repelled the deputation, I had no intention of acting against it, would have required a courage and a hardness I could not boast, while the circumstances of the deputation, Andoury's presumption and Buton's hints, to say nothing of the violence of the Parisian mob, had not failed to impress me unfavorably. With a thousand others who had prepared themselves to welcome reform, I recoiled, the moment I saw the lengths to which it was tending; and though nothing had been farther from my mind when I entered Cahors than to join myself to the St. Alais faction, I found it impossible to reject their apologies on the spot, or explain on the instant the real purpose with which I had come to them.

I was, in fact, the sport of circumstances; weak, some will say, in the wrong place, and stubborn in the wrong; betraying a boy's petulance at one time, and a boy's fickleness at another; and now a tool, and now a churl. Perhaps truly. But it was a time of trial; nor was I the only man or the oldest man who in those days changed his opinions, and again within the week went back; or who found it hard to find a cockade, white, black, red, or tricolor, to his taste.

Besides, flattery is sweet, and I was young; moreover, I had mademoiselle in my head, and nothing could exceed madame's graciousness. Perhaps she valued me the more for my late revolt, and prided herself on my reduction in proportion as I had shown myself able to resist.

"Few words are better, M. le Vicomte," she said, with a dignity which honored me equally with herself. "Many things have happened since I saw you. We are neither of us quite of the same opinion. Forgive me. A woman's words and a man's sword do no dishonor."

I bowed, blushing with pleasure. After a week spent in solitude those moving groups, bowing, smiling, talking in low earnest tones of the one purpose, the one aim, had immense influence with me. I felt the contagion. I let madame take me into her confidence. "The King"—it was always the King with her—"in a week or two the King will assert himself. As yet his ear has been abused. It will pass; but in the mean time we must take our proper places. We must arm our servants and keepers, repress disorder, and resist encroachment."

"And the committee, madame?"

She tapped me, smiling, with the ends of her dainty fingers. "We will treat it as you treated it," she said.

"You think you will be strong enough?"

"We," she answered, smiling again.

"We?" I said, correcting myself, with a blush.

"Why not? How can it be otherwise?" she replied, looking proudly about her. "Can you look round and doubt it, M. le Vicomte?"

"But France?" I said.

"We are France," she retorted, with a superb gesture.

And certainly the splendid crowd that filled her rooms was almost warrant for the words; a crowd of stately men and fair women, such as I have seen only once or twice since those days. Under the surface there may have been weakness and senility, the exhaustion of vice; jealousy and lukewarmness and dissension; but the powder and patches, the silks and velvets, of the old régime gave to all a semblance of strength, and at least the appearance of dignity. If few were soldiers, all wore swords, and could use them. The fact that the rapier, so powerful a weapon in the duel, is useless against a crowd armed with stones and clubs had not yet been made clear. Nothing seemed more easy than for two or three hundred swordsmen to rule a province.

At any rate, I found nothing but what was feasible in the notion, and with little real reluctance, if no great enthusiasm, I assumed the white cockade. Putting all thought of present reform from my mind, I agreed that order, order was the one pressing need of the country. On that all were agreed, and all were hopeful. Indeed, I heard no misgivings, but a good deal of vaporing, in which poor M. de Gontaut, with the palsy almost upon him, had his part. Nor was one hint of danger in the country or of a revolt of the peasants discussed. Even to me, as I stood in the brilliant crowd, that danger grew so remote and unreal that, delicacy as well as the fear of ridicule keeping me silent—I could not speak of mademoiselle without awkwardness—the warning I had come to give died on my lips. I saw that I should be laughed at; I fancied myself deceived, and I was silent.

"HE STOPPED TO KISS HIS HAND."

It was only when, after promising to return next day, I stood at the door prepared to leave, and found myself alone with Louis, that I let a word fall. Then I asked him with a little hesitation if he thought that his sister was quite safe at St. Alais.

"Why not?" he said, easily, with his hand on my shoulder.

"The trouble is not in the town only," I said, "nor perhaps the worst of the trouble."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You think too much of it, *mon cher*," he answered. "Believe me, now that we are one again, the trouble is over."

And that was the evening of the 4th of August! On that day the Assembly in Paris renounced at a single sitting all immunities and privileges, all feudal dues and fines, all tolls, all tithes, the salt tax, the game laws, capitaineries! At one sitting, and Louis thought that the trouble was over!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A SUGGESTION.

I DON'T see any use at all in having Governors,
Or Congressmen, Assemblymen, or even Senators.
I cannot see why men are paid enormous salaries
For taking charge of public work and public policies.

It seems a great extravagance to fellows such as I,
To roil us up, at vast expense, with some great hue and cry
'Bout what the State should do in this, and what in case of that,
When 'twould be settled without pay by kind old Thomas Platt.

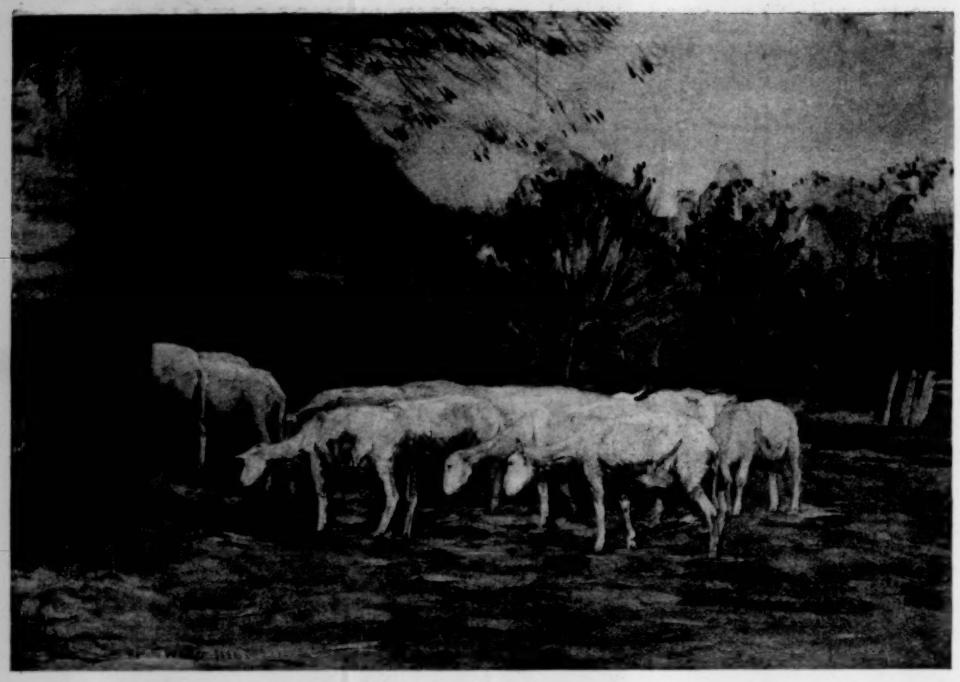
The trouble with our government, as far as I can see,
Is in the taxes people pay to keep off bankruptcy;
But if there was no government the taxes all would cease,
And every man of property could go to sleep in peace.

And here's a man who's willing, through his love for fellow-man,
To take the work of doing all the governing that he can.
He doesn't ask a cent of pay, he simply wants to work,
And, far as I can judge, there's not a thing that he will shirk.

He seems to be the fellow that is making up their mind
For everybody in the land, no matter what his kind.
He's taken New York in his charge, and there are those who say
He has the Legislature, every member, in his pay.

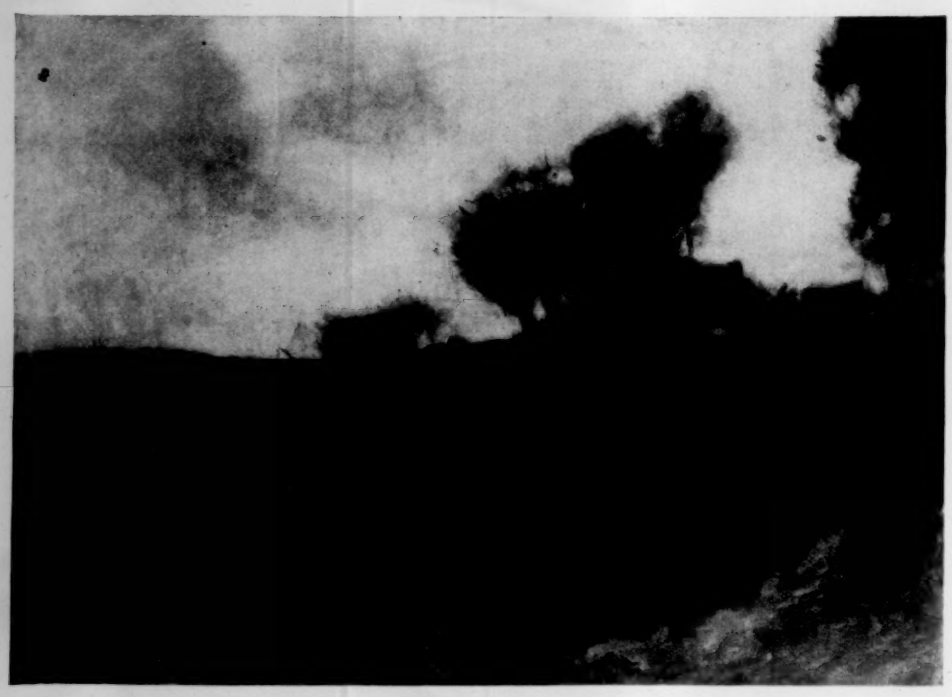
Hence I appeal to all the world, to all who have a say,
To call a big mass-meeting, and to have it now, to-day,
To make our big Republic here the real home of the free,
By turning it at once into a Tomplattocracy.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



SPRING PASTORAL.—Horatio Walker.

ZAANDAM, HOLLAND.—Samuel Colman.



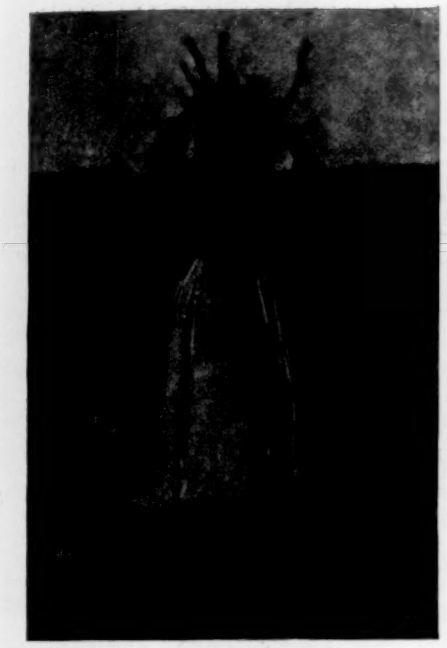
BACK FROM THE HIGHWAY.—J. Francis Murphy.

OLD FISHING-TOWN.—L

A WATER-COLORIST.—Frederick Dielman.

FLEMISH GIRL.—George Wharton Edwards.

FROM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-C



FAGOT-GATHERER (FRAGMENT).—Jules Guerin.

OLD HOMESTEAD.—Henry P. Smith.

OWE.—L. E. Van Gorder.

LOW TIDE, ISLE AUX GRUES, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.—Henry W. Ranger.

WOOD-NYMPH.—F. S. Church.

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.—Irving R. Wiles.

TER-COLOR SOCIETY AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[See Page 127.]

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

On April 1, 1887, Philadelphia's present municipal charter, popularly known as the Bullitt Bill, went into force. The scheme of government it succeeded consisted of numerous independent Boards, Commissions, and Trusts, having in charge the numerous departments of the city work—*e. g.*, charities and correction, the City Hall, and gas. The Mayor and two bodies of Councils, with general administrative and legislative powers respectively, had but slight, if any, control over the Commissions and Trusts, which kept their own accounts, and compelled Councils, either by law or by force of political power, as the case required, to do their bidding, and to make the necessary appropriations, and to pass such ordinances as they demanded. The history of the Philadelphia Gas Trust, to which the Hon. James Bryce has devoted a chapter in his *American Commonwealth*, is notorious. The Public Building Commission has been but little less conspicuous as an example of the prostitution of public offices and work to create and foster political power. This Commission is still in existence, having survived the change in 1887 and the recent attack of 1893, when an act passed at Harrisburg abolishing the Commission was subsequently declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State.

The new charter provided for a concentration of administrative responsibility in the Mayor, who was given sufficient power to enforce his responsibility. The legislative powers of Councils were enlarged. They now hold the purse-strings of the city, and can make or mar an administration, unless public opinion sufficiently strong can be brought to bear to influence them. Recent experiences, however, have taught that Councilmen can bear almost any amount of public pressure without yielding, although, as we shall see, they have shown themselves peculiarly susceptible to corporate influences skilfully directed.

The condition of Philadelphia's government prior to 1887 was on a level with that of most American cities. It was inefficient and corrupt. Rings controlled the various Commissions and Trusts, the patronage of which was used for personal and political purposes. It was thought that things could scarcely be worse. The new charter was hailed with joy by a long-suffering people, and, if the papers were to be believed, the millennium of good city government was to be ushered in with the inauguration of Hon. Edwin H. Fitler as the first Bullitt Bill Mayor. Have the hopes of the people and the prophecies of the papers been fulfilled? Has a change in the *form* of government wrought a change in municipal conditions?

Let us first apply the test of statistics, and examine the figures as to the cost of administration, and its relation to the valuation of property before and since 1887. In 1860 the various departments of the city cost $2,682,548, and the value of property as assessed for the purposes of taxation was $155,697,669. By 1880 the cost of the departments had been almost trebled ($6,370,578), while the assessment value had been nearly quadrupled ($536,667,834). In 1887 the cost of the departments was $12,775,950, and the assessed value of property $628,679,312. The figures for the past five years are as follows:

	Cost of Departments.	Assessed value of Property.
1890	$16,272,089	$688,713,518
1891	17,294,190	713,902,842
1892	17,653,247	735,902,842
1893*	22,525,674	752,763,382
1894	29,372,591	769,930,542

In other words, during the last five years, while the assessed value of property in this city has increased about 12 per cent., the cost of running the departments has increased about 85 per cent., or, taking the last thirteen years, the rates of increase have been respectively 350 per cent. for cost, and 40 per cent. for assessed value.

Admitting for the present that an increased expenditure is right and proper, and most of us are willing to do that, the query arises has the city obtained a corresponding increase in permanent public improvements? A careful survey of the various public works undertaken during the periods mentioned discloses but little of substantial and permanent value. True we have a good many new small parks, a number of new school, fire, and police station houses, but not in sufficient numbers to account for the great increase in expenditures. And still our school facilities are inadequate, and many hundreds of children cannot go to school. Considerable money has been spent in the Water Department, but the water problem is still unsolved, and no steps have been taken to provide a supply sufficient for present needs or for the coming generations. All that has been done in this direction has been in the nature of temporary makeshifts. The city has two new reservoirs on hand, one at Roxborough and one at Queen Lane, which cannot be used because they have leaks in them, although they have cost the city in the neighborhood of $2,000,000. And yet last summer we were threatened with a most serious water famine, because of the inadequacy of our present supply. True the city has authorized the expenditure of six millions for the depression of the Reading Railroad tracks—one-half on its own account, and one-half on the railroad's. This will be a substantial and permanent improvement. The gas-works, on the other hand, are steadily deteriorating in value, and although a few years ago they were regarded as an asset worth at least $25,000,000, a Councilmanic investigating committee a year ago reported: "Your committee can state, without hesitation, after two very careful examinations, that the physical condition of all our works is bad in the extreme. One could not conceive of a large business plant run on similar principles without reflecting unfavorably upon its owners." So incomplete is our present plant that fully 50 per cent. of the gas sold by the city is purchased from a private corporation.

We could continue our survey through all the departments of the city, and find that while large sums of money have been expended, and in many instances substantial and much-needed improvements inaugurated, yet the return in permanent improved municipal conditions has been meagre in comparison with the outlay. The condition of our streets, so far as the paving goes, has been improved, but this work has been done by the street railway lines within the past few years as a sop for the immense privileges accorded them free of charge, and only after great public pressure and a long contest, although they were already by law under obligation to maintain the streets occupied by their tracks in good repair.

It is an interesting and significant fact that this great increase in municipal expenditure has been contemporaneous with the growth of what is known in Philadelphia politics as the "Ward Combine." This "Combine" is a political trust, and is composed of the political leaders of the several wards, who have pooled their issues to advance their personal interests. Its members are all professional politicians, and, with one or two exceptions, office-holders or largely interested in contracting firms. They are reported to be in affluent circumstances, or on the highroad to wealth, although in many instances the salaries attached to their positions are small, as in the case of the magistrates, or nothing at all, as in the case of the Councilmen. How, then, do these men make their money? Are they shrewd business men, and engaged in outside enterprises not purely political or dependent upon the action of political bodies for existence or favors? But two out of the thirty-seven ward leaders are men of means acquired before they went actively into politics. The remainder have made money since they went into politics. The question therefore logically arises, did they make their money through politics? And if so, by what means?

The answer to this question would involve a consideration of the ins and outs of Philadelphia government and the extent of the corruption which it is alleged exists. We have seen how there has been a steadily growing municipal budget, unaccompanied by a commensurate increase in public improvements. It has also been noted that the private fortunes of the controlling politicians of the city have been enhanced as the expenditures have increased. Can it be said that the two are related? Before we attempt, however, to indicate what relation exists between these two, let us for a brief space give our attention to what has become the most serious phase of corruption in this city; our consideration of this will in part answer the question just propounded.

At present the City Councils are generally regarded with suspicion. They hold the purse-strings; they say how much money shall be spent, and what it shall be spent for, and who shall spend it. They have the disposal of immensely valuable franchises. It is easy, therefore, to understand how great are the opportunities for personal profit, should Councilmen be willing to prostitute their trust. Are they willing to do it? Let us examine a few recent occurrences.

In October, 1893, in the Orphans' Court of Philadelphia, the estate of the late President of Common Council came up for adjudication. It was found to be insolvent. The assets did not amount to over 10 per cent. of the liabilities. Among the claims presented were notes amounting to $13,000 (two for $5000 each and one for $3000), made to the order of William J. Latta, the lobbyist of the Pennsylvania Railroad, one being endorsed by L. S. Filbert, a member of the firm of Filbert, Porter, & Co., a large firm of municipal contractors. Two due-bills, aggregating $8000, to the order of William H. Kemble, President of the Philadelphia Traction Company, and written on the letter sheets of said company, were also presented. All of these due-bills and notes were executed during the deceased's incumbency of the Presidency of Common Council, as shown by the dates of the notes. There was no evidence that any collateral had been given to secure the loans. What is the plain inference to be drawn from such transactions, when it is remembered that the president of the chamber has the appointment of the committees which must pass upon questions of great interest to these companies? And how can the members of such committees act impartially on matters involving the business of corporations which have helped them out at election times or given them valuable "pointers" on stock? They cannot; and we continually see Councils giving away franchises of almost priceless value without so much as imposing a condition, and granting privileges at the dictation of the agents of the very companies that have been so kind and considerate to them.

A glaring instance of the susceptibility of Councils to corporate influence was the passage of the "Suburban Trolley Ordinance" during the latter part of last year. This ordinance, which was generally referred to as the "Suburban Grab," gave to the Philadelphia Traction Company rights over nearly all of the unoccupied streets in the suburban wards—the 22d, 23d, and 35th—in many instances over streets not yet opened, and which in all probability would not be opened for years. Over one hundred miles of streets were affected by the ordinance, and its real purpose was to exclude from a growing territory all competition. Public sentiment was thoroughly aroused over this iniquitous measure, and the people and the press were outspoken in denunciation of it. The papers called it a "steal" and a "vicious measure." But, despite this public outburst, the measure passed Select Council by a vote of 23 out of 37, and Common Council by a vote of 75 out of 120. The bill was passed under the personal supervision of one David H. Lane, the lobbyist of the Traction Company, who is sometimes known as the Select-Councilman-at-Large. Mr. Lane, although not a member of either branch, is accorded unusual privileges, and on occasion he has been admitted to committee meetings from which all but the members have been excluded. The nod of his head has proved more effective than the arguments of the most public-spirited citizens. During the passage of the Suburban Trolley Ordinance he sat upon the floor of the chamber and issued his orders both directly and through his chosen lieutenants among the members. If common report be true, "extraordinary efforts" were necessary to put this ordinance through, because of its value to the company, its viciousness and unpopularity; and votes in the lower branch were said to have cost from $200 to $300, and in the upper $500.

As this ordinance was a typical one, it may be of interest to know how the press of Philadelphia regarded such action, and what they thought and still think of our Councilmen. One paper, the *Press*, said: "Common Council showed itself to be the unashamed compliant tool of the great corporation which is seeking to obtain a mortgage on the streets of Germantown, opened and unopened, for all time. . . . Councils have not consulted the interest of the city or of the citizens in passing such a measure as this." The *Ledger* said: "If the members of City Councils should sacrifice their time and hold special sessions to perfect an ordinance for the improvement of the water-supply. . . . they would be applauded; but when, neglecting matters of public concern, they go out of their way to promote the selfish schemes of the Philadelphia Traction Company, they demonstrate that they are the servants of that corporation, not representatives of the people. Every man who may vote for the ordinance will thereby register himself as the servant of that corporation, acting in Councils not as a trustee for the city of Philadelphia, but at the beck and call of the Traction Company's representative, who sits in the lobby to direct the operation of his agents on the floor." Another paper, the *Inquirer*, said: "The Traction Company owns many valuable franchises, but the most valuable of all is its ownership of Councils. All that it has to do is to make up its mind that it wants something, and express its wish to its accomplished lobbyist, David H. Lane, and the thing is done."

These excerpts describe in plain and forcible language the present condition of our Councils. Not only the Traction Company, but the Pennsylvania Railroad, the electric-light companies, and other large corporations maintain their lobbyists, who have always been able to carry their ends, as far as Councils were concerned, although the Mayor, as in the case of the Suburban Trolley ordinance, has been more heedful of public sentiment, and has interposed his veto. At times, however, even the Mayor's veto has not proved sufficient to stop the depredations, the companies having secured sufficient votes in each branch to carry it over his veto.

Councils vote, however, as directed by the companies not only because of the favors received, but because the leaders of their wards command. Few men of late years have been elected to either branch who were not the personal choice of the local leader of the "Combine." In many instances the actual members of Councils have been and are the mere automata to register the will of their political boss, enabling the latter to have four or five votes on a question, whereas if they had only been merely members instead of the owners of members they would have had but one vote apiece. These leaders, of course, "stand in" with the large corporations. The king boss is said to be in the employ of a great corporation at a salary of $12,000 per annum. Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, on the floor of the United States Senate, accused David Martin of having declared that his inability to support Hon. Boies Penrose for Mayor was due to the fact that the company, generally believed to be the Pennsylvania Railroad, from whom he had been receiving a salary for the past three years was opposed to the candidacy of Mr. Penrose. Another ward boss is reputed to have made $50,000 in a recent deal in Traction stock on pointers received from headquarters.

But we will not have time to go into further details concerning the shortcomings of Councils. Suffice it to say that through the generous use of passes and franks, through the placing of patronage at their disposal, and through frequent junketings, not to speak of the more direct influences that are brought to bear, and which have been mentioned, the Councilman's mind is sufficiently warped to see only the interests of the corporations, and his conscience is sufficiently blinded to prevent him from seeing what a gross injustice he is doing to his constituents, whom he is bound by his sacred oath honestly to serve and represent. Instances could be cited where three or four terms in Councils have sufficiently enriched men to enable them to retire from business, although their legitimate trade or occupation during that time may have been neglected, or at least attended to only incidentally. It is not our intention, however, to say that all Councilmen are bad; there are some who honestly and efficiently serve their constituents, but they are outvoted and outnumbered by those who are willing to exchange their honor and influence to bring the fair name of their city into disrepute, and endanger free institutions for their personal advantage and profit.

It ought to be said in passing that one fruitful source of profit is that of selling to the city real estate at fancy prices for school, fire, and police purposes. A typical instance of this kind of transaction was recently brought to the light. An ordinance, fathered by Select-Councilman J. Emory Byram, appropriating $6000 to purchase a lot in Frankford, passed both chambers, and was in the hands of the Mayor for his signature, when a newspaper man discovered that Byram's intimate friend and next-door neighbor, one Cooper, who figured as the owner, had an option on the lot at $3750. Had the ordinance become law, Mr. Cooper would have made $2250 clear out of his friendship with a Select-Councilman. This transaction was brought to light and halted. How many similar ones have gone through without opposition?

The question has often been asked, are Philadelphia's police corrupt? In answer there is this to be said in their favor: there is no general suspicion that they secretly connive at crime, as was current prior to Dr. Parkhurst's crusade in New York. That there are individuals on the force who wink at wrong-doing for a consideration is undoubtedly true, but that there is any system of blackmail or levy is doubted. Vice does exist in Philadelphia, but it is doubtful whether under police protection. If such protection is provided for, it is very shrewdly managed, and the great mass of the people are kept in blissful ignorance of it. Cases have been brought to light which certainly have a bad look; but whether or not they are only the exceptions which are liable to happen in well-regulated forces, or are indicative of a corrupt state of affairs, it is difficult to say.

And now about the public contracts. Is competition for public work open and free? Are there any favored contractors? Is there any winking at shortcomings? Briefly the facts are these: certain contracting firms enjoy a practical *monopoly* of public work; one firm alone has drawn nearly five millions from the city treasury in the past five years. There is no *bona fide* competition. And the favored firms parcel out the work among themselves, and see to it that no competitive bids are entered. Should one not in the combination have the temerity to enter a bid which would appear to be the lowest, he would in all likelihood be ruled out on the ground that he was not a responsible bidder, or he would find the "ring" or "trust" contractor willing to do the work temporarily at lower figures, with a view to crushing out competition.

It is not pleasant to be compelled from a study of the facts to confess that the government of one's native city is not all that is to be desired, or what it should be; that it is infested by a crowd of self-seeking men who are willing to prostitute their trust and violate the plainest obligations of their office and their citizenship for money. But such is the case, and the sooner we realize the danger of our position, and the quicker we apply the remedy, the earlier will come that relief which our European sister municipalities have already found.

THE "SWEATING SYSTEM" IN NEW YORK CITY.

Two years since it was my duty, as chairman of a Congressional committee, to investigate the so-called "sweating system," New York being one of the several cities visited. The "sweating system" is practically the process by which ready-made clothing is manufactured in tenement-houses.

Conditions have radically changed during the last twenty-five years. Formerly the women of each household made up the greater part of its clothing, the rest being supplied by the local tailor, and made up on his premises. The "ready-made" business has developed new economies, especially in divisions of labor and the method of its employment. Middle-men have been given a place between the "manufacturer" and the actual operative, processes have been cheapened, and labor degraded.

The materials are cut and "bunched" for each garment by the manufacturer. They are then distributed in large lots to special jobbers, known as "contractors," each a specialist in his line. For example, one makes coats, another cloaks, another pantaloons, while some make special grades or sizes. With this distribution the wholesaler washes his hands of the business, his ignorance of how and where his goods are actually made up being as ideal as intentional.

Not far from one-half of the goods thus distributed are made up in the contractors' factories. As to the other half, the first contractor sublets the work to a "sweater," whose shop is generally one of the two larger rooms of a tenement flat, accommodating from six to fifteen or twenty "sweating" employés—men, women, and children. In the other large room of the flat are his living, sleeping, and cooking arrangements, overflowing into the work-room. Employés whom he boards, who eat at their work, and who sleep on the goods, frequently complete the intimate connection of home and shop. One-fourth of our ready-made and somewhat of our custom-made clothing are thus put together.

The people engaged are those whose families are most prolific, whose sense of cleanliness is least developed, who comprehend no distinction between living and work rooms, whose premises are dirty to the point of filth, and who are found in the most densely populated portions of the city.

But this is not the worst. Single families, inhabiting one or more rooms, generally having a family as subtenants, or a number of lodgers or boarders, subcontract work from the tenement "sweaters." Thus by tenement "home-workers" are made another one-fourth of our ready-made clothing and a much larger proportion of our children's clothing. The homes of these home-workers include many of the most wretched in which human beings exist among us. The conditions of squalor and filth are frequently such as to make even inspection impossible, except by one hardened to the work, while the quarters in which this work is centred are those into which tend the most helpless of our population.

From the wholesale manufacturer, handling each year a product of millions, through the contractor to the "sweater," and on to the "home-worker," the steps are steadily downward—of decreasing responsibility, comfort, and compensation. The profit of each (except the wretch at the bottom) is "sweated" from the next below him.

The contractors' shops are much like other factories—the large proportion of foreign labor and a tendency toward long hours being their main distinctions. In the tenement "sweat shops" unhealthy and unclean conditions are almost universal, and those of filth and contagion common. The employés are in the main foreign-born and newly arrived. The proportion of female labor is large, and child labor is largely used. Wages are from a fourth to a third less than in the larger shops. As to hours, there is no limit except the endurance of the employés, the work being paid for by the "task," and the task so adjusted as to drive from the shop any employé who, whenever he is given a bench, will not work to the limit of physical endurance, the hours of labor being rarely less than twelve, generally thirteen or fourteen, frequently from fifteen to eighteen, hours in the twenty-four.

The lot, however, of these "sweat-shop" workers is luxury compared to that of those engaged in tenement home work. The home-worker is generally a foreigner just arrived, and frequently a woman whose husband is dead, sick, or worthless, and whose children keep her at home. Of these tenement home workers there are more women than men, and children are as numerous as both. The work is carried on in the one, two, or three rooms occupied by the family, with its subtenants or boarders. No pretence is made of separating shop work from household affairs. The hours observed are those which endurance alone limits. Children are worked to death beside their parents. Contagious diseases are especially prevalent among these people; but even death disturbs from their occupation only the one or two necessary to dispose of the body.

As to wages in this "tenement home work," there is nothing which can properly be so called. The work is secured by underbidding of tenement sweat shops, and is generally piece-work, one process of which may be attended to by the head of the family, and the rest by its other members according to their capacity. Those engaged are so generally compelled to accept rather than to choose their work that it is taken without reference to the possibility of gaining a livelihood therefrom, the miserable workers earning what they can, begging to supplement it, and dying or being supported as paupers when they fail.

A large proportion—nearly, if not quite, one-half—of all the clothing worn by the majority of our people is thus made under conditions revolting to humanity and decency, and such as to endanger the health of the wearer. It is in children's clothes that the worst features most thoroughly characterize the manufacture. But the same conditions so far apply to all grades of clothing that not any can be considered as exempt. The use of ready-made goods has become so universal that no community, and almost no family, is free from danger.

There is no other material than cloth that to so great an extent during manufacture comes so closely in contact with the persons of the unclean and sick. There is probably no material which, once having harbored disease germs or filth, is so favorable to their preservation or propagation as cloth, especially when made of wool; and, lastly, it would be hard to imagine any material, or use to which it could be put, so repulsive to civilized instincts and so dangerous to life and health, as clothing steeped in contagion, to be worn on the person. The contagion thus spread is not merely of general conditions of uncleanness and miscellaneous disease germs, but of whooping-cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhus. Dr. Daniels described the condition of the sweating quarters as one of "continuous epidemic" of scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria.

In England a definitely proved case is that of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel, who contracted disease from a riding-habit made at the home of the operative. The small-pox cases in Dayton developed from clothing infected at Cincinnati, and the scarlet-fever cases directly traced from home tenement work in New York, are equally definite.

At Chicago a scarlet-fever sign in the neighborhood in which we inspected sweat-shops hinted at a common condition. In Boston we found a similar sign in the hallway of a house where clothing manufacture was then going on. At New York the assurance that our night inspection involved the blocks whence typhus patients had been taken from rooms where clothing was made became startling when, ten days later, scores of cases thereabouts were recognized as an epidemic of typhus, at which New York city stood aghast.

As to eradicating disease germs in clothing by the ordinary finishing process, Dr. Daniels's statement seems conclusive:

"In the first place, the iron does not actually touch a sufficient surface; in the next place, it is not by any means always heated sufficiently to destroy the germs; and then, besides, applied to one side of the cloth or to the outside of a seam, its effect would frequently be simply to drive the warm damp into the other side of the clothing, or the interior of the seams, and so make a favorable developing place for germs, rather than to destroy them, so that any germs which, in the process of manufacture, have been made up into or begun to develop in the goods will be propagated rather than destroyed."

What is the remedy? Certain considerations must be kept in mind. So long as inter-State commerce is free, the stamping out by law of the sweating system in any particular State is of little effect except to encourage development of the obnoxious conditions elsewhere. For any one State to attempt to protect itself against these involves the necessity of inspection not merely within such State, but at all places outside where goods are manufactured to be sold within its borders; for the health authorities of half a dozen cities to attempt to trace, and, when found, to make and keep tolerable the conditions under which the numerous lots of garments given out by a single manufacturer are made up, is a task as much beyond the cleansing of the Augean stables as the ability of a municipal officer is below that of Hercules.

On the other hand, the manufacturer himself, by simply declining to give out his work except in quarters where he has been satisfied in advance that the conditions of manufacture are such as he approves, can make the more complicated process unnecessary. Indeed, by the employment of a couple of inspectors the manufacturers of any city could thus absolutely insure the healthful conditions under which their goods are made. There is probably no city where sweaters could thrive, or would be tolerated, if local manufacturers insisted upon having their work made up under proper conditions.

Better laws, and more efficient and tactful administration of law, can do much; organization of those employed can do more; the slow betterment of conditions as the mass of foreign immigration is better digested by our population will do most of all. But for many years to come, in our great seaboard cities—especially New York—the "sweating system" will remain a reproach to humanity, a breeding-nest of disease, unless one of two remedies shall be applied.

The Federal government can throttle the evil by absolutely prohibiting inter-State commerce in articles of clothing manufactured under other conditions than such as may be approved by law. Or the wholesale clothiers in each of our cities can stamp out the evil promptly, if they really care to do so. The first alternative is repugnant to our theory of non-interference by the Federal government; the second is thus far opposed by the general policy of the manufacturers themselves.

It is becoming, however, not a question of whether the sweating system is to be rooted out, but whether the wholesalers must be dealt with before they will meet their responsibilities. If their inaction makes this necessary, they at least will get little sympathy in any hardship to which the law may put them. It is alike their interest and their duty to forestall this by prompt action.

In this matter New York city is vitally interested. It is here that are centred one-third of the clothing manufacture and a larger proportion of the "sweating" practised in the United States. It is through our harbor that flows the main stream of immigration; it is our "East Side" that is the great eddy into which drift the more helpless of the waifs that reach us; it is our commerce that would be most damaged by restriction; it is our merchants who have most to gain by meeting their responsibilities.

JOHN DE WITT WARNER.

THE OTTAWA WINTER CARNIVAL.

As one travels north from the broad St. Lawrence, he finds the stone and brick houses rapidly giving way to clapboards, and these in turn to the low log hut of the French Canadian habitant. The desolation increases with every mile. The land stretches away as far as the eye can see, white, silent, and flat, with here and there a melancholy group of spruce or hemlock trees surrounded by the still more melancholy stumps of their late companions. The traveller is therefore very agreeably surprised when he reaches Ottawa, the "Queen City," the seat of the government of the Dominion of Canada, and the scene of the latest and perhaps most successful of the winter carnivals.

Here, almost on the northern edge of civilization, is a beautiful city with wide and brilliantly lighted streets and spacious hotels; it was well prepared for the reception and entertainment of the great number of people who went there from the "States" and from neighboring Canadian cities to be amused by the gambols of King Carnival.

The Ice Castle stood on Nepean Point, a picturesque promontory, whose precipitous sides rise sheer from the banks of the Ottawa River to a height of considerably more than one hundred feet.

This Ice Castle was a thing of beauty. It was long and high, turreted, buttressed, battlemented, and guarded in the rear by a huge "evergreen" tower, which rose in dark majesty above the main castle, a very effective contrast with the delicate tints of the ice.

In the sunlight the castle was semitransparent, glistening, iridescent, and frosted about the crevices.

Over to the west, and about a quarter of a mile distant, as the crow flies, is another promontory, or bluff, in height about equal to the one on which the "castle" stood. This is crowned by the Parliament buildings. On the top of the tower of the main or central building (from whence a superb view is to be had of the surrounding country) a huge search-light had been placed. This light was in operation during carnival week, and when turned upon the snow and ice incrusted country produced magical effects.

It was only a step around to the "Live Arch," on Mackenzie Street. This was a symmetrical and stately structure, composed of hemlock boughs thickly placed over a light wooden frame-work.

Here on Monday, just after the booming cannon had announced the formal opening of the carnival, a great crowd collected, in spite of a driving storm, to witness the "manning" of the arch by various snow-shoe clubs of the city.

These, in their picturesque costumes, and with snow-shoes slung across their backs, climbed to the top, and after the band which had accompanied them had ceased playing, sang their favorite "glees." Just back of the arch was a Canadian lumber camp, interesting in its primitive yet comfortable simplicity. And close beside this was an encampment of Mohawk Indians—stalwart braves and by no means ill-looking "squaws," in all the pride and glory of their native regalia.

A curious thing about some of these Indians is that one of them may approach and address you in the broadest Scotch dialect, although there may be but the lightest strain of Scotch blood in his veins. This acquired accent is, in a measure, due to frequent long stays at the trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company, where the "canny" Scot is much in evidence, but the burr of Scotland from the lips of a "brave" does knock the poetry out of the most fantastic paint and feathers.

A charming sight was the children's fancy-dress skating carnival. Here were youthful kings and queens and their attendant courtiers, all quite innocent of intrigue. There were diminutive Uncle Sams and John Bulls who had never bothered their heads about the Bering Sea question, Indians who did not thirst for blood nor votes, and ferocious-looking pirates who had no designs upon their fellow-mortals. Out on the streets was a great, restless, gay crowd, full of movement and fun, slipping, jostling good-naturedly, and elbowing its way from one point of interest to another. Now to see the tandem drive, with its glittering and costly turnouts, and then perhaps to the racing on the ice at Lansdowne Park, where it was just as hard to "pick the winner" as at Saratoga or Gravesend. Finally, after the day's excitement, there was a general scurry to dress for dinner and the ball, state or fancy-dress. And every day, and far into the night, there was the rush and roar of the ever-present and always exciting toboggan; and cheeks were made rosier and eyes brighter and limbs stronger in the pursuit of this charming sport.

There were enough places to visit. There were the Chaudière Falls, for instance, in all their winter beauty. Here, with the mist rising from the Chaudière (the Caldron), Nature has built with exquisite taste and deftness ice palaces of her own.

She has added a beautifying touch to the handiwork of man by covering all the neighboring buildings, from roof-tree to foundation, with a thick garment of ice; and she has hung huge crystal pendants from every projection, until they look like frozen miniature cascades.

These falls of Ottawa excel in volume as in beauty. Their power for purposes of manufacture is practically unlimited, and part of this has been used to supply the city with its electrical system. The perfection of this system is at once manifest to the visitor. Ottawa is, in fact, an electrical stronghold, and the part that this dangerous servant was made to play during the carnival week gives Ottawa's carnival a unique and prominent place in the history of those events.

At night the city was as bright as by day. All the principal streets were overhung with thousands of beautifully colored lights; huge stars and crescents and illuminated names blazed from nearly all the stores and from many private dwellings, forming a beautiful display. And under these brilliant lights were crowds of residents and strangers, all seeking pleasure and finding it; all filled with the high spirits of a most successful carnival.

THE DISCOVERED KISS.

A GREEK FOLK-SONG.

I KISSED Areté one fair night,
While moon and stars looked kindly down.
She told the ocean, close in sight,
But on my passion did not frown.

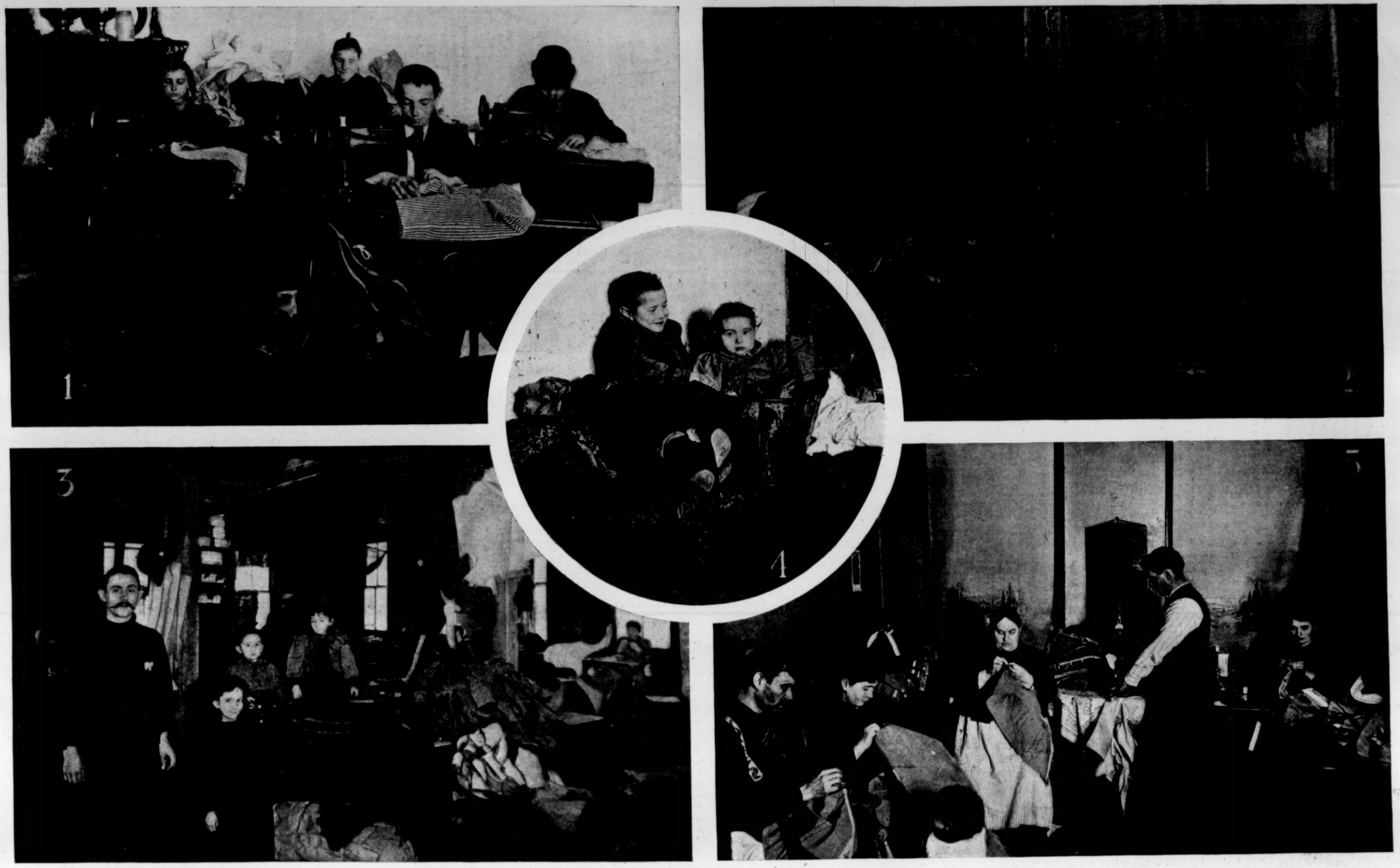
The ocean told a passing oar;
The oar at once the boatman told;
The sailor sang it to the shore;
Till it became a story old.

My mother heard it from a priest,
And to my father bore the tale;
It travelled, too, from west to east,
Not like a zephyr, but a gale.

My parents then took me to task,
And scolded at a furious pace;
But sweet Areté, when I ask,
Still turns to me her rosy face.

In vain they try to keep me in—
I know in what fond fields to rove,
And shall not think a kiss a sin
So long as maidens long for love.

JOEL BENTON.



THE "SWEATING SYSTEM" IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 135.]

1. A Family of Sewing-machine Sweaters, who Work in a Room 9 Feet long by 8 Feet wide. 2. A "Sweaters'" Working and Sleeping Apartment. 3. One of the larger Sweat Shops. 4. A Four-year-old Child tending a Baby while the Parents are at Work. 5. A Family of "Home-workers" making Children's Clothes at 11.30 P.M.: the Rent of this Room is $7 50 a Month.

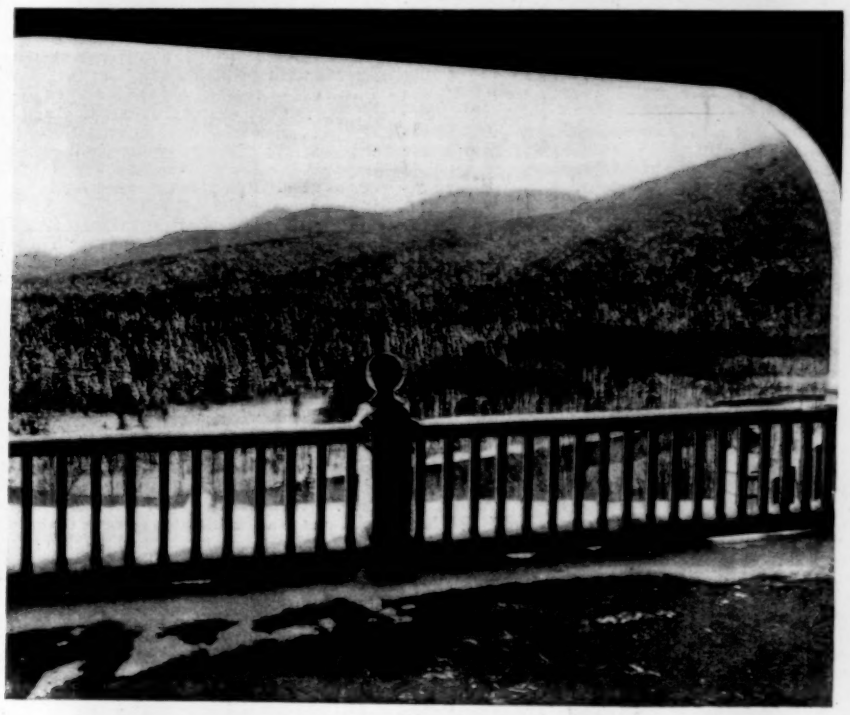
RECREATION HALL AND COTTAGES SOUTH.
Where Pulmonary Patients live and amuse themselves out-doors in Winter and get well.

PATIENTS TAKING AN AIRING IN WINTRY WEATHER.

DOCTOR TRUDEAU'S LABORATORY AND HIS DWELLING.
This Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis was presented to the Doctor by a Patient. It is situated near his House in Saranac Village, a Mile from the Sanitarium.

INTERIOR OF RECREATION HALL.
The Sides are all Glass, and the two toward the Wind are always kept closed, the others open, so that Patients are literally out-of-doors, and yet can amuse themselves and take gentle Exercise. They play Billiards here in Winter, often with the Mercury below Zero.

DOCTOR ALFRED L. LOOMIS.
Founder of the Adirondack Sanitarium. Died January 23, 1895.



VIEW FROM ONE OF THE COTTAGES.

THE ADIRONDACKS AS A WINTER HEALTH RESORT.

THE Adirondack region is usually associated in the popular mind with thoughts of summer outing, of camping, deer-stalking, trout-fishing, and of gorgeous and verdant scenery. Once enveloped in its winter mantle, it loses wellnigh all its interest to us; it has then become a vast and desolate expanse, swept by icy blasts from the north, and bereft of all attractiveness, save perhaps that which always attaches to the solemn and awe-inspiring grandeur of nature in solitude.

And yet, since the commencement of winter, hundreds of our fellow-citizens have abandoned their homes and occupations to seek refuge amid these very mountain plateaus, there to fortify their systems against that fearful and consuming disease tuberculosis.

This rarefied air of the greater altitude enables the patient to breathe with comparative ease, and being highly charged with ozone, as well as with the aroma of the surrounding pines and firs, it produces a soothing effect on the affected cellules. Its extreme dryness, and the absence of noxious gases and other impurities peculiar to the lower elevations, also add to its value as a therapeutic factor in pulmonary diseases.

Seven-eighths of the sufferers are settled at the terminus of the railroad, the picturesque little village of Saranac Lake, situated on a plateau 1550 feet above tide-water, encircled by lofty heights, and watered by a limpid stream known as the Saranac River. There are spacious hotels there with modern improvements, and trim-looking chalets, all furnished with broad verandas, the lounging-place of men and women in heavy furs, wraps, and ulsters. You find them there at any hour of the day from early morn until dark, even when the mercury falls twenty-two below zero, as it often does, for they have been told that their salvation depends on "open air" in the first place, and on food and rest afterwards.

The jingle of sleigh-bells through the streets and roadways is a familiar sound. Sleighing is about the only recreation in which these patients are allowed to indulge, and they avail themselves of it to their hearts' content; and nowhere in the whole country, perhaps, are finer drives to be found than in the neighborhood of Saranac. The ten-mile trip to Lake Placid alone reveals beauties of mountain scenery comparable in picturesqueness if not in grandeur with the most gorgeous of Alpine views.

The patients here referred to are either wealthy, or at least rich enough to spend twenty dollars a week for their maintenance. For those whose means allow of but a very moderate expenditure there exists that noble institution "The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium," conceived by its founder in a spirit of true philanthropy and a humane desire to give to other sufferers the benefits he has himself enjoyed from the atmospheric conditions and surroundings of this haven of refuge.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. L. Trudeau, of New York, arrived at Saranac Lake, then a wilderness, in search of health, which had been denied him at the Southern sanitariums, where the depressing sight of numberless fellow-patients had only tended to aggravate his own malady. He succeeded in his object, and thereupon determined to make Saranac his home. Since that period he has devoted his life to the study of the dread disease and the means of combating it most effectually.

The foundation of his present work was laid about fifteen years ago, when Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, the great authority on pulmonary troubles, expressed his opinion in the *Medical Record* that Adirondack air could be of immeasurable benefit to sufferers in the early stages of tuberculosis; but it was not until February, 1885, that Dr. Trudeau was finally enabled to open his sanitarium, with funds raised by subscription from among the tourists at Paul Smith's and other Adirondack resorts.

To make the objects of this worthy institution thoroughly clear to the reader, I cannot do better than to quote the following from its own prospectus.

"The object of the Adirondack Sanitarium," it says, "is to offer to persons in the first steps of lung-disease, who otherwise could ill afford the expense of a sojourn in these mountains, the benefits to be derived from a change of climate, a well-regulated out-of-door life amidst hygienic surroundings, a nourishing diet, and the latest and most approved methods of medical treatment. Experience has shown that nowhere can the necessary daily regulation of a patient's life and habits be so successfully carried out as in a sanitarium, and that the most favorable results in combating the disease have been attained in institutions devoted to this special purpose. There is no doubt, in the history of most cases of consumption, a time when restoration to health might take place if the patient could for a while give up his occupation and care, and obtain a change of climate and surroundings."

Such an opportunity is offered by the sanitarium at the moderate cost of five dollars per week, which is two dollars below the actual cost to the management of the institution. The yearly deficit, which now attains about $6000, is made up by donations, subscriptions, and the proceeds of special entertainments held at various summer resorts in the mountains.

The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, of itself a miniature village, rests on the slope of a spruce-covered elevation about two miles from Saranac. As one reaches its portals a magnificent panorama of mountain-peaks and hilly woodland greets the eye. In the valley below flows the Saranac River beneath its crust of ice, wending its way irregularly to the northward, and in the hazy distance is seen the snow-capped crest of Whiteface Mountain, the largest of the surrounding group.

When the institution opened, ten years ago, it consisted of a main building of pine and one cottage. At the present moment there are no less than sixteen cottages grouped around this same main building, accommodating eighty-two invalids. The whole system is so devised as to prevent the evil effects of aggregation, generally noticeable in hospitals which treat phthisis and kindred pulmonary troubles. The cottages are so constructed as to afford a separate sleeping-room for each patient, while providing for thorough ventilation. Every bedroom opens upon a large sitting-room, with an open fireplace. There are several transoms in this room, and as the doors of the bedrooms touch neither the floor nor the ceiling, the patients get the benefit of the entire air space of the cottage. As a further safeguard against the accumulation and dissemination of bacili, carpets and hangings are entirely dispensed with, and a polished finish is used for the floors and walls, which can thus be cleaned and disinfected without difficulty.

The statistics of the past few years show that fully twenty-five per cent. of the patients leave the institution apparently cured. Thirty-five per cent. more are at least sufficiently improved to be able to resume their occupations and to earn their livelihood for a while, while the remaining forty per cent. receive only temporary relief, and enter the category of incurables. When a patient reaches the point where recovery is despaired of, his friends are urged, in a delicate manner, to remove him in order that the feelings of the remainder shall not be depressed by the frequent occurrence of fatalities.

The writer paid a visit recently to this Cottage Sanitarium, and was able to judge for himself, to some extent, of the condition of its inmates. Although there were some hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, he was struck by the absence of that "hospital pallor" characteristic of invalids in the larger centres. The full force of patients, with the exception of a few of the very sick, were occupying the verandas of their respective cottages, or playing whist or billiards in the fine recreation pavilion reserved for that purpose. There was an air of contentment, one might almost say enjoyment, about them, very refreshing under the circumstances.

The women are usually in the preponderance as to numbers. The list of patients has included clergymen, doctors, divinity students, journalists, clerks, governesses, saleswomen, and a large variety of people from almost every walk of life. They all live here together as in one little republic, subject to the same regulations. They have the use of a well-stocked library of standard works, and not infrequently they are taken on long sleigh-rides free of cost. In fact, beyond their board and washing, the latter at a nominal figure, their expenses are nothing, for neither Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, who was accustomed to inspect the sanitarium once a year as visiting physician, nor Dr. Trudeau, president of the Board of Trustees, has received a penny for his services, which in the latter's case are onerous enough, since they entail his continued presence at the institution, and constant attention to the details of its management. The food supply is plain but abundant. Milk forms a large part of the diet.

The entire assets of the sanitarium ten years ago were represented by the sum of $6000. Then no buildings were in existence, nor had its founder aught to look forward to in the matter of financial aid excepting what his friends and the public in general might feel disposed to give. Thanks to his personal energy and the support of many people of wealth, the property now represents a cash value of about $75,000, and is entirely free from debt, besides which it has accumulated an endowment fund of $25,000, and a free-bed fund of $11,000.

Nevertheless, in the words of its founder, "it is still entirely dependent for its continued support and permanency upon the voluntary contributions of the public."

The free-bed fund, as may be imagined, is a source of untold good to the fortunate few whose poverty would otherwise deprive them of the benefits of the institution. The number of its beneficiaries averages twenty-five a year.

J. R. WALTERS.

THE LATE DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS.

DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS, who died of pneumonia at his home in New York city on the 23d of January, was one of the most prominent physicians in this country. His name would hardly have been omitted from a list of the dozen foremost medical men of New York even a score of years ago, and since then his fame had been steadily if not rapidly progressive. As he was only sixty-three at the time of his death, it is evident that he attained success relatively early, yet his reputation did not rest on any sudden achievement. It was a matter of toilsome growth that no doubt seemed slow enough at first to the toiler. Indeed, of the metropolitan physicians who have attained first rank, Dr. Loomis has usually been referred to as one whose early struggles were of the hardest. But how large a measure of tangible success he achieved in the end is illustrated in a jesting remark once made by him, to the effect that he had spent half his professional life struggling to secure patients, and the other half struggling quite as hard to keep them away.

It should be added, however, that the patients Dr. Loomis tried to keep away later in life were not those whose confidence had paved his way to success in the beginning. On the contrary, it is told of him that to the very last, when wealthy clients more than he could attend were eagerly bidding for his services, he would still at times drive down into the tenement region to minister to one of his old-time patients, accepting in return with gravity—to preserve the patient's self-respect—a mere pittance, in lieu of the princely fees that might have been secured by driving up the Avenue instead. "These people helped me when I needed help," he is reported to have said, "and I shall continue to serve them as long as I live." And on a larger scale, through attendance on the city's indigents at Bellevue Hospital and elsewhere, Dr. Loomis's knowledge and skill were to the very last placed at the service of that class of patients who can give no return but gratitude, and who commonly give but little of that.

On the other hand, patients of the more fortunate class were required to pay liberally for Dr. Loomis's services. He was as good a business man as he was a skilful physician, and it has long been the current opinion among his professional brethren that his income from his practice was one of the very largest ever attained by a physician. His special field of medical work for some years past was as a consultant in diseases of the heart and lungs, though he did not confine himself exclusively to this specialty. He held the chair in Practice of Medicine at the University Medical College, and lectured there regularly during the past twenty-five years, and in this as in other ways kept in touch with the entire field of general medicine. He wrote extensively on medical topics, and at least one of his books—on the physical diagnosis of diseases of the chest—has for twenty years been a classic in the profession.

Of the other honors that may come to a physician—hospital appointments, the presidency of medical societies, honorary degrees, and the like—Dr. Loomis received his full share. Indeed, his life, as a whole, was singularly complete, even though it was cut short while many additional years of usefulness seemed still his due.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE object of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society is to furnish reading matter gratuitously to the inmates of hospitals and public institutions, and wherever the need may exist. The society's twentieth annual report shows that in the past year it has sent books or periodicals to twenty-six institutions of New York city which shelter 17,000 inmates, and to one hundred and forty-two other places, situated in twenty different States. Light-houses, free libraries, life-saving stations, hospitals, almshouses, missionaries, and many other institutions and distributing agents are on the society's list. The red boxes placed at the exits of railroad depots, at the ferry-houses, and near the elevated-railroad stations belong to this society, and are one means it uses to gather its supplies. Mr. Bunner's poem about the Red Box at Vesey Street has to do with its work, and is published this year at the end of its annual report. Except for the income of a memorial fund, which pays about $400 a year, the society depends upon the subscriptions of its friends for the support of its work. A passage in its report, which it prints in red ink, and which it is particularly desirous to bring to the attention of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, states that donations of reading matter should be sent to its office, 105 East Twenty-second Street, Rooms 417, 418; and that donations of money should be sent to its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street, New York. All sorts of books, magazines, and domestic and foreign papers, especially picture-papers, can be used in the society's work, but it makes special mention in its report of the increasing calls for German, French, Italian, and Spanish books, and of the very limited number of such foreign books that come to it for distribution.

Word comes from Colorado, where women are now fully enfranchised, that on Tuesday, January 22d, a legislator stood up in the legislative hall and spoke of certain women as "hatchet-faced things." Three women who were sitting as representatives heard him, and each took vigorous exception to his epithet. Thus we see how promptly the softening influence of woman in politics shows itself after once the franchise is granted. The Colorado women abolished the abusive Waite, and doubtless they will presently break the Colorado legislators of the habit of calling names in meeting. A Colorado man discloses to the WEEKLY his opinion that women as office-holders are not in favor in Colorado, and that it is unlikely that more of them will be elected. Which is interesting if true, but it is possible that the opinion of a Colorado *man* in such a matter should be taken with salt.

Mrs. Maria S. Porter, who had experience with a woman-suffrage petition last fall in Massachusetts, writes in the Boston *Transcript* about the recent progress of the suffrage movement. Among other things, she says that every Episcopal clergyman whom she asked to sign her petition declined, except Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Every Unitarian clergyman signed, except Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and all the leading Congregationalist and Methodist clergymen, but only two of the Baptist clergy.

This difference in the attitude of the clergy of the different churches toward woman suffrage is not without significance, and would seem to afford a pretty accurate measure of the relative conservatism of the various Protestant bodies. It would be interesting to learn whether the attitude of the Episcopal clergy as remarked by Mrs. Porter is general, and, if so, whether it is due to special convictions as to the proper sphere of woman, or is merely the expression of the historical disposition of that Church to hold fast to what is, lest a worse thing befall.

Most people know that deaf-mutes nowadays are taught to speak and to read the speech of others by the motions of the lips. The excellence of this new method and its remarkable practical success were lately illustrated in a play written by pupils of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia, and presented by them throughout without assistance. Mr. Francis Churchill Williams, who saw this play acted, says, in a letter to the WEEKLY:

"Pantomime played scarcely any larger part in the performance than it does in the presentation of a play on the stage by persons possessed of all their senses. The actors spoke their lines intelligently and clearly, and their actions plainly showed their appreciation of the sense of the situation and of the words. Only in the lack of a fine determination of inflection were there wanting the spirit and full meaning of the lines, and this, depending as it does entirely upon the ability of the speaker to hear his own voice distinctly, was not to be expected. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the performance was the entire sympathy between the speakers on the stage and the deaf persons among the spectators. Humorous allusions, tragic passages, or marks of interrogation and surprise all had their meanings reflected in the countenances of the players and of the deaf persons who watched the play. Some explanation of this is, of course, to be found in the ability of the observer to interpret the ideas and feelings of the speaker from the facial expression of the latter. But it was evident from the readiness with which the subtler sentiments animating the spoken words of the actor were understood by many of the pupils that the meaning of the speaker was largely obtained by watching the movements of his lips."

The facility with which some totally deaf people have learned to read the lips and to speak is astonishing to people who have not watched the progress of this phase of instruction. Total deafness is a calamity from which there is no such thing as escape, but for those deaf persons who have been taught to speak and to read the lips its inconveniences and deprivations are surprisingly lessened.

People who are interested in the deaf and dumb (and there are hundreds of hearing and speaking people in this country whose lives are devoted to them) discuss with wide differences of opinion the question whether deaf-mutes should marry, and what prospect there is, if they do marry, that their children will inherit their infirmities. Cases are known of people who can hear who have whole families of deaf and dumb children, whereas deaf-mutes who marry often have children who can hear. One argument in favor of the system by which deaf-mutes are taught to speak and to read the lips is that it has a great advantage over the old system of finger-talk in making it much easier for the deaf to go into general society, and checking their natural tendency to associate and intermarry exclusively with one another. Of

course, if a deaf person marries a hearing person, the chances of their having deaf children are less than when both parents are deaf. The Boston *Transcript* speaks of the remarkable example of heredity among deaf-mutes which is found in the secluded village of Chilmark in Martha's Vineyard Island. Two original settlers of the place two centuries ago were deaf-mutes. Now out of a population of 146, thirty-six persons are deaf-mutes. The workings of the principle of heredity in this village are said to be very curious. In some families the hearing children resemble physically their deaf mother, and the deaf children their father, who can hear. It should be remembered that deaf mutes are usually mute only because they have always been deaf, and never having heard speech have never learned to talk. Their organs of speech are usually perfect, and, as appeared in the play at Mount Airy, they can be taught to use them.

A recent paragraph about the profits of literature—a favorite subject of the gossips—says that the author's share of the profits of the new Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's writings will be not less than $30,000. That recalls that we shall hear after a while what is to become of Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne. That they will stay in Samoa seems hardly possible; and yet to abandon the new-made home there and its associations is a thing not easily done. Even from such slight acquaintance as the world has with Mrs. Stevenson, it seems clear that she is an unusual woman, fit to deal with unusual circumstances, and to shape her conduct where there is no precedent to guide her. It is as though she were a character in one of the books her husband left unfinished. We want to know what she will do next, and what became of her at the end, and probably she herself would not resent our curiosity, for it has too much sympathy and too much friendly solicitude to be vulgar.

On the face of things, it seems likely that after a time she will leave Samoa and go to her husband's relatives in Scotland. Perhaps she will settle there, though settling does not seem to be as despotic a necessity with her as it is with most women.

Harvard bests Yale in debate as regularly as Yale bests Harvard in boating and football, but Yale used to be, and probably still is, considered as a much more fruitful mother of successful politicians than Harvard is. Are we to argue from that that the ability to buck the centre is more useful in American politics than the power of forcible debate?

Recent Harvard oratory will have an interesting representative in the Fifty-fourth Congress in the person of R. B. Mahany, of Buffalo. Mr. Mahany is young, ardent, and has the gift of speech in unusual measure. About ten years ago he was a prominent member of the Harvard Union.

Some one has sent an anonymous letter to the WEEKLY to complain of a paragraph that appeared in this department some weeks ago. The complainant says: "I do not give my name for fear of publicity." She ought to know that it is a matter of ordinary professional decency with every respectable newspaper not to disclose the name of any correspondent who desires his name not to appear. She can sign her name to any sort of a letter to the WEEKLY without any fear of its being published against her wish, but to write a letter of complaint and not sign it is a waste of effort, time, and ink. She would not begin such a letter by saying, "I think you are a rascal, and I do not intend to trust you with my name." But something very like that is what she implies when she sends her letter unsigned "for fear of publicity."

The London *Times* notes the recent development of an active interest in golf among the English masses. In Scotland golf has been a game of the people for many years, but in England, until very lately, says the *Times*, "the people have watched their betters playing it with an utterly unsympathetic wonder; in many cases have fought the golfer tooth and nail for what they deemed his invasion of their rights as commoners on the links." Gradually, in consideration of sixpences earned by caddies, they had grown to tolerate it, but their interest has been lukewarm, until certain recent successes of English professionals have finally stirred them, and now many village golf clubs have sprung up, and are in active being. The *Times* thinks that a common interest in golf will be even more useful than cricket as a tie between rich and poor, and it believes, too, that a golf-links affords a villager a much wholesomer occupation for his leisure than he can find at the village public-house. Commiserating America, which has no cricket—nothing but baseball—it suggests that "if in course of years she make golf her own, as England is making it, she may find in it a bond of union between classes, which is nowhere more badly needed than in the great republic where all men are equal."

There may be friends of Mr. Charles F. Lummis who know him as the author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo*, and as a contributor to the WEEKLY and various magazines, who do not know that he is himself the editor of a magazine, now in its second volume, which shows its world a pleasant and prosperous face. Its name is *The Land of Sunshine*, it is published in Los Angeles, and circulates mainly in southern California. It calls itself a magazine, but in form it is more like some of our weekly papers, a safer and more reassuring form for a young periodical. It has good articles on local topics, interesting photo-engravings to illustrate them, and a good many very edifying advertisements, some illustrated and some not. It has the merit of being chock-full of its subject—the subject indicated by its name. It brings its locality home to the reader, and a remarkably romantic and interesting locality it is.

A contemporary paragrapher remarks that some men take off their hats in the presence of ladies in elevators, and that others who seem equally well bred don't. He thinks that it would save embarrassment if the authorities on etiquette would decide which do right. The matter is easily determined. Men keep their hats on, ladies or no ladies, when they are out-of-doors, or in such public places as shops, hotel offices, the corridors of office buildings, or almost anywhere where business is being done. They take them off in the house—that is, in dwelling-houses. There are two principal varieties of elevators—those in buildings where people live, and those in buildings where they merely do business. In the former—that is, in hotel and apartment-house elevators—take off your hat when there are ladies present. In the latter—in shops, office buildings, and the like—keep it on. These latter are public places as much as street cars or hotel offices, and out-of-door rules apply to them.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE REASON.

SOMETHING has changed him; yesterday
He passed me frowning, scarcely bowed,
And almost looked the other way,
A careless stranger in the crowd.

But now? What grasp of cordial hand!
What cheery laugh, what genial tone!
'Mid eddying throngs we pause and stand
As if Broadway were ours alone.

Dear fellow! One word tells the tale;
'Tis not the world of yesterday!
His heart gives every comrade hail;
His wife is coming home to-day!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

RUSSIA'S EMPRESS GAINS STRENGTH.

THE producers of "Mariani Wine" (Vin Mariani) should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort, with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine, iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brain and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of Russian aristocracy suffering from "nerves."—*The Court Journal*, London, Jan. 12, 1895.—[*Adv.*]

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Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

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in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

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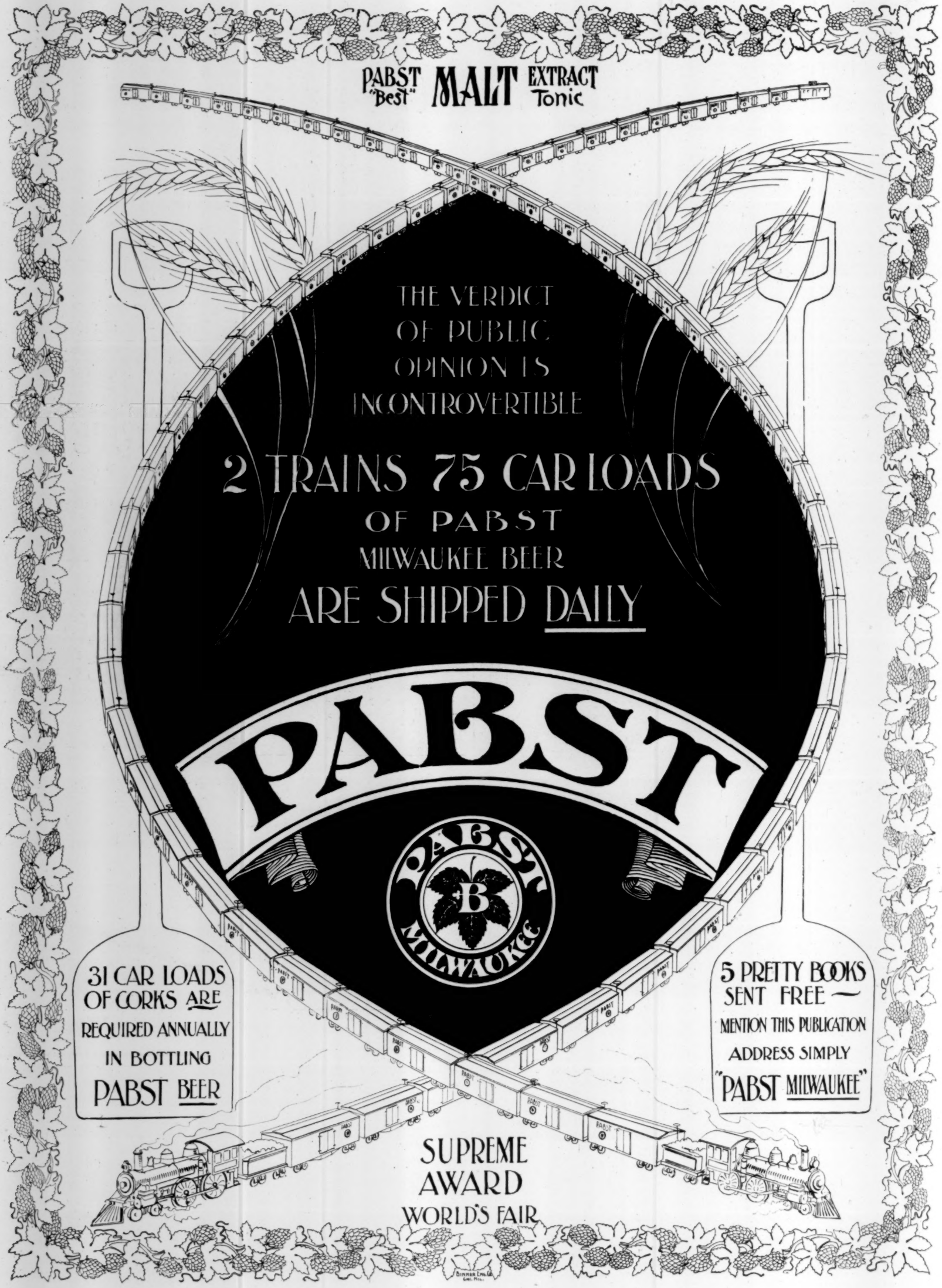
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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is at present on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the Musk-Ox, the Wood-Bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He is accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

CURLERS AND CURLING.

THE FAMOUS CALEDONIAN GAME.

BY JOHN LAIRD WILSON.

"GLOOMY winter" has its joys as well as sunny summer. When under the keen continuous frost our lakes and rivers become ice-bound, one of the most interesting and pleasing scenes is that presented by the men engaged in what is familiarly known as the "Roaring Game." Nowhere out of Scotland is it seen to more advantage than in our own immediate neighborhood. Of the two pastimes—curling and skating—which take possession of our ponds and lakes at such times, if the latter is the more generally indulged in, and probably the more exhilarating, the former, partaking as it does of the character of a game of skill, awakens the deeper interest.

Essentially a Scottish game, and brought to this continent by Scotsmen, it has become popular all over the Northern States of the Union and in the Dominion of Canada. Curling clubs abound, and for the greater comfort of the players covered rinks have become more or less common. In the United States the different societies are ranged under the National Curling Club. Of these clubs or subordinate associations there are from twenty-five to thirty in good standing. Our own immediate neighborhood is well represented, there being nine or ten in New York alone. Brooklyn, Yonkers, Jersey City, Newark, and Paterson have their clubs, according to their numbers, in greater or less proportion. In the Dominion of Canada the different associations are more closely affiliated with the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which has its headquarters at Edinburgh. This club, the chief or parent club, can boast of some five hundred affiliated societies, several in the north of England, some in Russia, and some forty or fifty in Canada. Here, as in Scotland, but to a larger extent, the game is greatly encouraged by gifts of costly medals—medals which bear the donors' names, and which are competed for by the local and general societies. Some of the greatest games are those which are to determine the destiny of a medal until another winter shall permit the renewal of the contest. Unless some radical change comes over our weather conditions, the "Roaring Game" promises to become more and more one of our most popular winter sports.

The game, as has been hinted, is essentially Scottish. On this continent it has been practised mainly by men of Scottish birth and their immediate descendants. How and when it originated, and how, if not of purely Scottish growth, it found its way into the little kingdom, there is no means of knowing. There are those, however, who are of the opinion that the game was played on the continent of Europe before it was played in Scotland. Some of the technical terms connected with the game are, it is claimed, of German or Dutch derivation. The word *curl*, we are told, is from the German *Kurzweil*, a game. Dr. Jamieson, however, derives it from the Teutonic *Krollen*, or *Krullen*, to bend, the great art of the game being to send off the stone so that it will bend or curve toward the goal or *tee*, and find its way sinuously through the most convenient or desirable opening. In Scotland the ancient name was *kuting*, and in some parts of the country it is still so called. If, as is held, *kuting* is the same as the Teutonic *Kluyten*, it would seem as if the game had really been played on the continent before it was played in Scotland. Kilian in his dictionary interprets *Kluyten*, "to play with lumps or balls of ice, to contend with quoits on frozen water." According to this, curling, in its original form, would seem to have been a sort of quoiting on the ice.

Among the treasures of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club is a letter communicated by the late Professor Fergusson, of Aberdeen. It was written as late as 1847, and sent to him by a friend then travelling on the continent. This letter shows that curling at that date was practised in Bavaria. The ponds were artificial, and in the grounds of private gentlemen. What we call the stones were made of wood, but shod with iron, and were named "ice-sticks." The game is evidently very old. Presumptively of Northern origin, it may at one time have been more general. In Scotland as early as 1607 the game was already popular. Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of one of the Orkney Islands, Copinshay, as abounding in "excellent stones for the game of *curling*." This is the first mention, we believe, made of curling in British literature. It is next mentioned in a poem called "Gall's Gabions, or Mirthful Mournings on the Death of Mr. Gall." This was in 1638. In the same year the Bishop of Orkney was summoned before the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk to answer to a charge of curling on the Sabbath day.

Now, as of old, the game is not only popular and in the highest degree respectable, but a great leveller. It knows no social distinctions. In Scotland you may no longer see bishops on the ice, for bishops are few and far between, but you will see peers of the realm, baronets, the lesser lairds, farmers, clergymen, professors at the universities, teachers at the higher schools, village schoolmasters, tradesmen, peasants, and men of every craft and industry, all mingled happily together, lost, so to speak, in the game, and for the time being revealing a true human brotherhood. One of the most enthusiastic curlers of his time in Scotland was the late Earl of Eglinton—he of tournament fame, and on two occasions, while Lord Derby was in power, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. On the ice he was only the equal of one of his own tenants; and when it was necessary to clear the ice before a promising but lagging stone there was no more eager "souper" than his Lordship. It might be the stone of a Kilwinning weaver, of a Beith tanner, of the parish minister, or of a neighboring landlord—it was all the same to Lord Eglinton, and his example was by no means uncommon.

The game as now played—and it is played nowhere more skilfully than in some parts of the United States and the Dominion of Canada—gives opportunity for much dexterity and ingenuity. The arrangements are simple enough. The first thing is to form a rink, the main features of which are already fairly well known to the intelligent American reader. Two points are fixed on the ice about thirty-six or thirty-eight yards apart. These points are the goals, or *tees*. Around each of these points, and in order to encourage close play, a circle of about seven feet radius is described, and no stone counts unless it lies within or rests upon this circle. In front of each of these points or *tees*, and about seven yards distant, a line is drawn straight across the ice, and is called the "hog-score." Each player is furnished with two stones; and there are usually eight players on a rink, four on each side, both sides having a director, or skip. The stones are flung from *tee* to *tee*, and that which is found nearest the *tee* when all have played, the one way or the other, is the winner. It may happen—it often does happen—that one side has several winning stones. When a stone is not driven with force enough to carry it over the hog-score it counts for nothing, and is removed out of the way as an obstruction. On the whole, the game of curling bears a not remote resemblance to the game of shuffle-board, with which most Americans are familiar.

Much importance attaches to the stones. They are of various weight, ranging from thirty to forty-five pounds, and all of them circular, differing somewhat in form. Some players prefer a low flat stone; others prefer a high stone with less sole surface. As a rule, the stone which is neither very flat nor very high is the favorite, for the reason that such a stone is well centred, the very reasonable conviction prevailing that the stone which has the centre of gravity fairly in the middle has the advantage of easy and enduring motion, and is most subject to control. The stones are cut out of whin or granite, the former material, as a rule, having the preference. In the Dominion of Canada for some years iron has been growing in favor. There are few things of which the curler is more proud than his pair of stones, and their polished surface and costly ornamental handles generally bespeak his taste and the means at his command. Some curling-stones are really things of beauty.

Curling-stones are made now on this side of the Atlantic. The great manufacturing centre, however, has long been Mauchline, Ayrshire, Scotland, made famous long ago by the poet Burns, whose farm of Mossgiel was only about half a mile distant. It was here he met Jean Armour; here he composed some of his finest pieces, such as "The Jolly Beggars," "The Holy Fair," and others of equal note; and here he spent perhaps the most joyous part of his existence. In these later times Mauchline is quite an industrial centre, and one of its most prosperous industries is the manufacturing of curling-stones, of which large quantities are brought to this country.

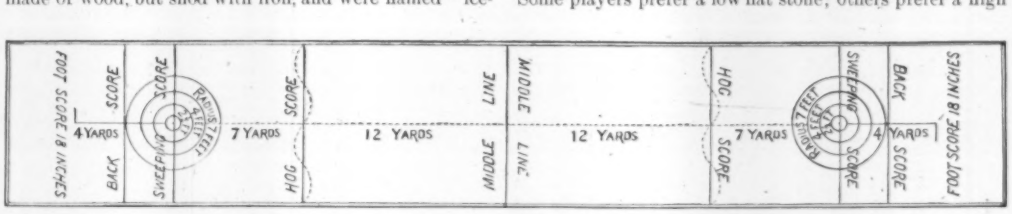
Originally the stones were of a rude description. Among the treasures of the club at Duddingston, a rural parish near Edinburgh, and resting under the shadow of Arthur's Seat, are five antique specimens. Recovered, one from a lake in Stirlingshire, and the others from the lake at Linlithgow, near the old royal palace, and having become the property of Principal Baird, of the University of Edinburgh, they were presented to the club by him in 1822. The stones are very much alike. They are of an oblong shape, about four inches thick, but thinner at the front or forward extremity. At the opposite end and on the bottom there is a long thin hollow cut for admitting the player's fingers, while on the upper side there is a small hole for the point of the thumb. It would thus appear that originally the stone was flung like a bowl or quoit. Some of the very oldest specimens are pure productions of nature, shaped and polished by the action of the water.

The stones in some cases were very heavy. One was long owned by the club at Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, and was known as the "Lochmaben hen." Few men were able to fling it from one end of the rink to the other. If it got to the *tee*, it remained there. It was immovable. "Wherever she settled, there she *clocked*." The comparison of a curling stone to a clucking hen is a little grotesque, but curlers are familiar with the use of the feminine gender as applied to their favorite stones, especially when the game is keen. One of the very few who could use the Lochmaben *hen* was Hugh Clapperton, who lived at Lochmaben for some years before he commenced his African explorations. He was a powerful fellow. Some of his exploits are spoken of to this day. In those days feats of strength were frequently indulged in, and some heavy stones have been thrown over an English mile of ice. Seventy pounds was no uncommon weight.

A good story is told of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the heroes of the "Noctes," and the friend of Scott. At a match between the curlers of Lochmaben and those of Closeburn, Hogg was one of the players. His first shot was unsuccessful. Hogg stood in suspense, and apparently in great doubt and difficulty as to how to play his second. His opponents were enjoying the situation; and a young laird who was present, and taking part in the game, but on the opposite side, said to the Shepherd, "Hog it!" James had both pride and spirit, spite of the caricature of the "Noctes." "Aweel," he said, "hog or no hog, I'll be in amang ye. Sae tak tent to your taes." Plunging his cramps or spiked shoes into the ice, he sent his stone off with all the fulness of his strength. It came down roaring on the laird's guard, and after some peculiar movements characteristic of curling-stones in such circumstances, settled in the first place. In the violence of its movement it had taken the feet from the young laird. Hogg was at his side in a second, and as he helped him to regain his perpendicular and to resume the use of his legs, he said, "Ye'll learn to ken a hog the next time ye come on the ice."

The clergy, as I have said, have always been fond of the game, and many of them have been distinguished for their skill in handling the stone. A match was being

CURLING ON A SUBURBAN (NEW YORK) RINK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.



PLAN OF A CURLING-RINK.

played between two Ayrshire parishes. On the one side was the Earl of D——. On the other side was a clergyman of the immediate neighborhood. It was a Saturday, and it was observed that the minister was in excellent spirits, and playing his very best. His skill in directing and his own good play annoyed the earl. "What brought the body here to-day?" said his Lordship to one of his neighbors. "I wish he had remained at home in his study, for he has played the very devil with us all to-day."

"What's that, my lord?"

"I was just saying," added his Lordship, "that it would have been better for us if you had been at home at your books, making a sermon for to-morrow."

"Ay! ay! my lord; but let me say I did not come here unprepared for to-morrow. I am not like some of the great folks o' this world, that trust to *chance, and leave a' to the last day*."

I have left myself but small space to speak of the besom, or broom, after the stones the next essential of the curler's equipment, and in some cases as highly prized; or of the many technical terms and phrases, such as "drawing," "guarding," "inwicking," "outwicking," "raising," "chap and lie," "wick and curl in," "chipping the winner," and the like, which, after all, can only be understood after witnessing or taking part in the game; or of the substantial dinner of beef and greens which crowns the day, accompanied, as it generally is, by the flowing bowl and the jovial song.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that curling has quite a poetic literature of its own. Some of the songs are of a high order of merit. One of the very best is by the Ettrick Shepherd. The last two stanzas are the very apotheosis of curling:

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I'd sweep the moon and starlets by,
And beat them at the channel stane.

Chorus.—Oh! for the channel stane,
The fell gude game, the channel stane!
There' no a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel stane.

We'd boom across the Milky Way;
One tee should be the Northern Wain,
Another bright Orion's ray,
A comet for a channel stane.

Chorus.—Oh! for the channel stane, etc.

Another excellent song is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, of which we give space to the chorus:

Then hurrah for the curling, frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads of the besom and stane!
Ready noo! Soop it up! Clap a guard! Steady noo!
Oh! curlin' aboov every game stands alane.

Such is the game of curling—a game in which Scotsmen have delighted for two hundred years and more. In addition to what has been said, it has much to recommend it. It is free from most of the evils attendant upon other sports. Betting or gambling in any sense has never been associated with it, and rude or profane language is forbidden on the ice.

THE DESTITUTION IN NEBRASKA.

The following letter to the editor of the Weekly from Mr. James H. Canfield, Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, will be read with interest by all who have been moved to sympathy by the tales of distress that have come from that State:

"Under this title, in the issue of this journal under date of January 19th, appeared an article which was so kindly in its tone, so generous in its impulses, and so generally fair as to the statements of facts, that it is not only an unpleasant task to make it a subject of criticism, but it will be quite difficult to correct the impressions which it certainly must have produced. Yet it is doubtful whether of all the articles that have appeared concerning the present condition of the people of western Nebraska any has been more damaging to the general reputation of the State than has this. And this because of what may be very naturally and easily read between the lines.

"It is not easy to induce a citizen of one of the Eastern States to look at this matter from any other than his own stand-point. It is quite difficult, for instance, to make him understand, and appreciate as well as understand, that Nebraska is as large as Ohio and Indiana combined, and is nearly twenty-five per cent. larger than all the New England States combined. When the statement is made that 'you can drive in some parts for half a day, and not see more than three or four inhabited dwellings,' the citizen of Connecticut with its 128 people to the square mile, or of Rhode Island with its 254, or of Massachusetts with its 221, immediately imagines that there has been a frightful emigration from this stricken country. He does not know that the thirteen counties named in the article under consideration have a total area equalling nearly one-fourth of the area of all the New England States; more than three times as large as Connecticut, more than twice as large as Massachusetts, sixteen times as large as Rhode Island, and more than half as large as Maine. Nor does he know that within this territory the entire population, even including those in the towns, only averages 3.7 (or about one family) to the square mile. The Easterner who reads of the depopulation of a county thinks at once of his own immediate surroundings, and measures the disaster by the standard which he thus sets up. Yet if every man, woman, and child had moved out of Kimball County, the emigration would have included less than a thousand persons. In Deuel County the population is but one person to the square mile, or one family to three square miles. The same is true of Cheyenne. In Keith County there is but one family to two square miles, and in Lincoln County one family to each square mile. These averages are for the rural population only, after withdrawing from the total the population of the towns. It is not an unusual matter to drive for half a day at any time in many of these counties and not see more than three or four inhabited dwellings. When the writer adds, 'In many cases agricultural implements stand in the furrows just where they were left last summer,' no one is to suppose that the owners were driven away so suddenly that they had not time to take the plough from the furrow, but went as Putnam went to Cambridge after hearing of the fight at Lexington. The unfortunate fact is that all through Nebraska, as well as through other Western States, agricultural implements are very apt to be left precisely where they were last used until they are needed again, even though an entire fall and winter intervene.

"The writer is equally unfortunate in the impression which he creates with regard to the winds of Nebraska and their effect upon the crops. He describes in graphic terms the wind which he says blows 'for days at a time' with the thermometer often at 100°; and by implication at least refers to what are known as the 'hot winds.' The fact is, however, as shown by the meteorological records of the State, that there have been but three hot or immediately destructive winds in the last fifteen years—one in '81, one in '90, and one in '94. These hot winds, 'hot as from the bowels of a volcano, a veritable furnace's breath' (to quote from the article in question), rarely blow for more than twenty-four hours at a time. There is always a breeze on the Western prairies, so easily explicable as not to need description here. In a summer of drought these winds unquestionably add to the general destructiveness of the season, but they are not in themselves of serious damage. By this is meant that where other conditions are favorable, such as reasonable rainfall, these winds are not disastrous.

"It is true that the thermometer reaches 100° in this State, yet an examination of the records of the United States weather stations at Omaha and at North Platte shows a record of 100° and upwards, maximum, but six times in thirteen years. These are known as shade temperatures, it is true, but they certainly tell somewhat against the sweeping statement under consideration. The writer of this article was brought up in a New England village in one of the most favored valleys in Vermont, and was educated among the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. In the twenty-six years that he has been in the West and on these 'wind-swept prairies,' he can recall no such discomfort by night or by day as that which often attended existence during the heated season in the East. These very prairie breezes stir the air and bring comfort and pleasure—especially after five o'clock in the afternoon. It is rare indeed that one passes a sleepless night west of the Missouri River because of sultry weather.

"It is not at all difficult to understand how this sparsely populated, comparatively treeless country seems uninviting and desolate to one crossing it for the first time, nor how he should easily and unconsciously exaggerate the suffering or destitution of its people. In the thirteen counties to which he refers, however, there is a population of something over 60,000. It is entirely within bounds to assert that the careful investigations made by the State Relief Committee, and by others profoundly and intelligently interested in this work, will show not to exceed twenty per cent. of these people as in want, and a very small per cent. to be in actual distress. Nor is it too much to say that most of those who are actually in distress are people who came to this State with comparatively small means, within the last three years, and are therefore little able to bear disaster of any kind. Already we are beginning to understand that the sympathy and interest always excited by such conditions have led to exaggerated statements, to which must be added the intentional misrepresentations of a large number who hope to profit by these conditions, or who are totally demoralized by becoming subjects of public charity. Many counties are notifying both the State Commission and the world at large that they are able to care for their own people, and are desirous of doing this. The Governor of the State has more than once indicated by official utterances that while we will accept the generous free-will offerings of individuals, we are reasonably able to provide for our own destitute, and that we do not care to solicit or receive the results of organized and widespread efforts in other States. In a recent interview, Hon. R. D. Harris, Representative from the Fifty-fourth District, which includes ten of the counties in question, told the writer of this article that he had been all through his district just before coming to Lincoln for the session, and that there was hardly a single case of actual distress—which he explained to mean conditions involving real suffering and physical degeneracy. He is a physician, with a practice extending over five counties, and never saw or heard of a case of scurvy.

"The writer has just received a long and very detailed statement from the manager of the State Relief Commission concerning the counties in question, which may be condensed as follows: Lincoln County—about a thousand families may be in need of seed grain, and half that number will require some assistance with provisions." Keith—only the lower tier of precincts actually need help. Logan—some destitution, and probably always will be, as the county strikes up near the sand hills; very little demand upon the commission, however. Deuel and Cheyenne—only a few families on the high divides have called for relief. Kimball—has made no formal application for aid. Perkins—possibly 225 families needing more or less help; if the irrigation bonds can be placed, not a family will need assistance. Chase, Hayes, and Dundy—all really destitute people are now well supplied. Hitchcock—more destitution than in other counties, but not to exceed 250 families needing help. Frontier and Gosper—cared for their own people till the 1st of January, and will not need much additional assistance.

"Justice to this State seems to demand that this restatement of our conditions be made public through the same channel as that of the article under consideration.

"James H. Canfield."

THE END OF THE STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.

It is the same thing over again. The great strike that has fettered Brooklyn's industries is a thing of the past; but, as in the history of all labor troubles, the trail of destruction and the warning and lesson written there remain. It is discouraging to think that the lesson will probably fade away unheeded. One thing is certain, the first striker who threw a stone, maltreated an independent working-man, or cut a wire, ended the strike. He became a rioter, with his arm against the law and his cause diverted into hopeless channels. Labor organizations are right beyond peradventure in inception, but they are non-responsible combinations of men that cannot be held to contracts or be sued in the courts. Companies and corporations can be forced to pay damages, and be made to accept responsibilities for their actions. Strikes may be right, for a man need not work unless he chooses, but the sympathy of the public is necessary to their success. Once sympathy lost, the history of the last ten years repeats itself, the cause of organized labor is put back, and the working-man is left in a condition little short of pitiable.

Into the merits of the controversy between the company and its employés it is not necessary to enter; the latter and their reckless sympathizers ruined their side of the case in the first two days of the late trouble quite effectually. The courts are the places in which to arraign the companies if they have broken the law, and not by appealing to Judge Lynch in the streets can any good be brought about. The labor leaders in Brooklyn have proved themselves to be ignorant and stubborn. They ordered a strike, and their dupes obeyed without question, when the city and country swarmed with men willing to work and ready to take their places, and their leaders should have called *sauve qui peut* when they saw their cause was hopeless. It cannot be proved that they openly encouraged lawlessness, but they did not discourage it in a way that might have held the public sympathy.

By dismissing from their organization any member found taking part in an unlawful assemblage or riotous proceeding they might have accomplished much for a cause whose success would have proved its justice. The misguided utterances of a few hysterical clergymen and the contemptible attitude of a sensational press had much to do with the continuance of the disorder, when the original difference between company and strikers should have been dropped from sight, and the serious question of mob law or the State law faced bravely by the citizens of a lawful community.

The innocent have suffered and will continue to suffer, and for the strikers themselves the outlook is dreary. There are many, doubtless, who were forced against their will to leave their work, and have been guiltless of any overt acts. They have the sympathy of every one. These are hard times, but at the dictation of an ignorant leader five thousand workmen deliberately gave up the sum of $140,000, or over—wages for sixteen days. Now their places are filled, and who is to shoulder the responsibility?

So crowded have the papers been with the daily occurrences that a résumé of the week is not necessary in this connection. To the thinking mind events tended in only one direction—the ultimate triumph of law, the resumption of traffic, and the footing up of losses in life, time, and money. The withdrawal of the troops, the gradual cessation of open hostility, and the non-acceptance of bitter defeat by the labor leaders, the easy-going forgetfulness of the public—it is the same thing over again.

Of the conduct of the militia during their term of service in Brooklyn too much praise can hardly be sounded. They have proved themselves to be reliable, patriotic, and forbearing, as soldiers should be. They have borne without complaint hardships that were new to many, and hardly to be expected; they have stood the volleys of imprecations and stones, and their discipline and *esprit* have been admirable. They are a credit to their State and their American parents.

Many things have been learned in a military sense by the late strike. Better commissary departments and arrangements in some of the commands at least are imperative, and we must have more cavalry. Ten mounted troopers are better at clearing a street than a company of foot. And here a fact should be brought to notice. Troop A, under the able command of Captain Roe, actually paid for the privilege of serving the State. The pay of a private is $1 25 per day, and the allowance given them by the State for themselves and their mounts does not equal what they paid for the horses alone, viz., four dollars for each day of service. But uncomplainingly they gave up both time and money, and left a record to be proud of. From start to finish they meant business. During the last two days, Saturday and Sunday night especially, the wire-cutters were out in force. Many were caught, and will be punished to the full extent of the law, and the ease with which this crime can be accomplished should lead to severe punishment upon conviction.

There were numberless incidents that showed the temper and devotion of the troops to their duties. A trooper of Captain Roe's command caught three rioters in the act of placing an obstruction before an on-coming trolley-car. He charged upon them, and two took refuge in a saloon, shouting a taunt back at their pursuer as they reached what they thought a haven of safety.

But the man in the blue overcoat did not hesitate; across the sidewalk and in through the door he rode, to the utter consternation of the crowd inside. Two dismounted troopers, who had seen the chase and heard the crash of glass, ran across the way to his assistance. One of them stopped the exodus from the side door, and in half a minute the first trooper emerged with both his prisoners. The horse wandered among the beer-barrels and tables, and was backed out carefully through the door by which he had entered. It only needed a few such evidences of determination as this to convince the riotous element that the military were not holiday soldiers and were not to be trifled with. Every day the respect for the soldiery increased. In the Twelfth Regiment, whose enlisted men are mostly hardy American artisans and men who toil with their hands, as in the Seventh Regiment, whose members are drawn from walks of life where men are used to all the comforts or even the luxuries of life, each did his duty. The two brigades in the field deserve the thanks of the people. A long night's vigil at a windy corner, facing the sleet and rain, is no child's-play, nor is an advance down a street in the face of a shower of bricks and stones.

A great part of the duties of the military should have devolved upon the police, who proved utterly inadequate in numbers, and in many cases untrustworthy, and, much as the reason for the presence of the military is to be deplored, no one can look back at the ten days or so of campaign without feeling that the militia of New York State, the soldier-citizens of New York and Brooklyn, have well earned the title of National Guard. We have learned a great deal perhaps by this late trouble, some of it may be aired later in the courts, but we can pin our faith upon the rank and file, and trust the judgment of the officers who command at our armories.

The cost of this late strike to Kings County will probably amount to over $1,500,000 when the totals are added up. At this writing the trolley lines are all running, mostly with new men, and public confidence is restored. Will the lesson be taken to heart? James Barnes.

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